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[Songs from the glens of Antrim]
Six songs from the glens of Antrim

M
1621
S83
OP.174
1920
C.1
MUSI

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Trish Langley

Six Songs

FROM

THE GLENS OF ANTRIM

Written by

MOIRA O'NEILL

(BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, FROM "SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM"
PUBLISHED BY Wm BLACKWOOD)

Set to Music

BY

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.

(OP. 174.)

PRICE 7/6 NET

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Six Songs

FROM

The Glens of Antrim

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AUG 2 1983

Six Songs from The Glens of Antrim.

(By permission of the Author.)

DENNY'S DAUGHTER.

Denny's daughter stood a minute in the field I be to pass,
All as quiet as her shadow lyin' by her on the grass;
In her hand a switch o' hazel from the nut tree's crooked root,
Well I mind the crown o' clover crumpled undher one bare foot.
For the look of her,
The look of her
Comes back on me to-day,—
Wi' the eyes of her,
The eyes of her
That took me on the way.

Though I seen poor Denny's daughter white an' stiff upon her bed,
Yet I be to think there's sunlight fallin' somewhere on her head:
She'll be singin' *Ave Mary* where the flowers never wilt,
She, the girl my own hands covered wi' the narrow daisy-quilt....
For the love of her,
The love of her
That would not be my wife:
An' the loss of her,
The loss of her
Has left me lone for life.

THE SAILOR MAN.

Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,—
Betther for me, betther for me.
The first time me foot got the feel o' the ground
I was sthrollin' along in an Irish city,
That has'nt its aquil the world around
For the air that is sweet an' the girls that are pretty.

Light on their feet now they passed me an' sped,
Give you me word, give you me word,
Every girl wid a turn o' the head
Just like a bird, just like a bird;
An' the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes
Shinin' to tell you it's fair time o' day wid them,
Back in me heart wid a kind o' surprise
I think how the Irish girls has the way wid them!

Och man alive! but it's little ye know
That never was there, never was there.
Look where ye like for them, long may ye go,—
What do I care? what do I care?
Plenty as blackberries where will ye find
Rare pretty girls not by two nor by three o' them?
Only just there where they grow, d'ye mind
Still like the blackberries, more than ye see o' them.

Long, long away, an' no matther how far,
'Tis the girls that I miss, the girls that I miss:
Women are round ye wherever ye are
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.
Over in Ireland many's the one,—
Well do I know, that has nothing to say wid them,—
Sweeter than anythin' undher the sun,
Och, 'tis the Irish girls has the way wid them!

MOIRA O' NEILL.

LOOKIN' BACK.

Wathers o' Moyle an' the white gulls flyin',
Since I was near ye what have I seen?
Deep great seas, an' a sthrong wind sighin'
Night an' day where the waves are green,
Struth na Moile, the wind goes sighin'
Over a waste o' wathers green.

Slemish an' Trostan, dark wi' heather,
High are the Rockies, airy-blue;
Sure ye have snows in the winter weather,
Here they're lyin' the long year through.
Snows are fair in the summer weather,
Och, an' the shadows between are blue!

Lone Glen Dun an' the wild glen flowers,
Little ye know if the prairie is sweet.
Roses for miles, an' redder than ours
Spring here undher the horses feet,
Ay, an' the black-eyed gold sunflowers,—
Not as the glen flowers small an' sweet.

Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'
Clearer for half o' the world between,
Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin'
Whiles ye are nearer than snow-tops keen:
Dreams o' the night an' a night wind callin'—
What is the half o' the world between?

AT SEA.

'Tis the long blue Head o' Garron
From the sea,
Och, we're sailin' past the Garron
On the sea.
Now Glen Ariff lies behind,
Where the waters fall an' wind
By the willows o' Glen Ariff to the sea.

Ould Luirgedan rises green
By the sea,
Ay, he stands between the Glens
An' the sea.
Now were past the darklin' caves,
Where the breakin' summer waves
Wandher in wi' their trouble from the sea.

But Cushendun lies nearer
To the sea,
An' *thon's* a shore is dearer
Still to me,
For the land that I am leavin'
Sure the heart I have is grievin',
But the ship has set her sails for the sea.

Och, what's this is deeper
Than the sea?
An' what's this is stronger
Nor the sea?
When the call is "all or none,"
An' the answer "all for one,"
Then we be to sail away across the sea.

I MIND THE DAY.

I mind the day I'd wish I was a say-gull flyin' far,
For then I'd fly an' find you in the West;
An' I'd wish I was a little rose as sweet as roses are,
For then you'd maybe wear it on your breast,
Achray!
You'd maybe take an' wear it on your breast.

I'd wish I could be living near, to love you day an' night,
To let no throuble touch you or annoy;
I'd wish I could be dyin' here to rise a spirit light,
If Them above 'ud let me bring you joy,
Achray!
If Them above 'ud let me win you joy.

An' now I wish no wishes, nor ever fall a tear,
Nor take a thought beyont the way I'm led;
I mind the day that's over-by, an' bless the day that's here,
There be to come a day when we'll be dead,
Achray!
A longer, lighter day when we'll be dead.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

THE BOY FROM BALLYTEARIM.

He was born in Ballytearim, where there's little work to do,
An' the longer he was livin' there the poorer still he grew;
Says he till all belongin' him, "Now happy may ye be!
But I'm off to find me fortune," sure he says, says he.

"All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin;
All the crows in Ballytearim has a way o' gettin' thin."
So the people did be praisin' him the year he wint away,—
"Troth, I'll hould ye can do it," sure they says, says they.

Och, the boy 'ud still be thinkin' long, an' he across the foam,
An' the two ould hearts be thinkin' long that waited for him home:
But a girl that sat her lone an' whiles, her head upon her knee,
Would be sighin' low for sorra, not a word says she.

He won home to Ballytearim, an' the two were livin' yet,
When he heard where she was lyin' now the eyes of him were wet;
"Faith, here's me two fists full o' gold, an' little good to me
When I'll never meet an' kiss her," sure he says, says he.

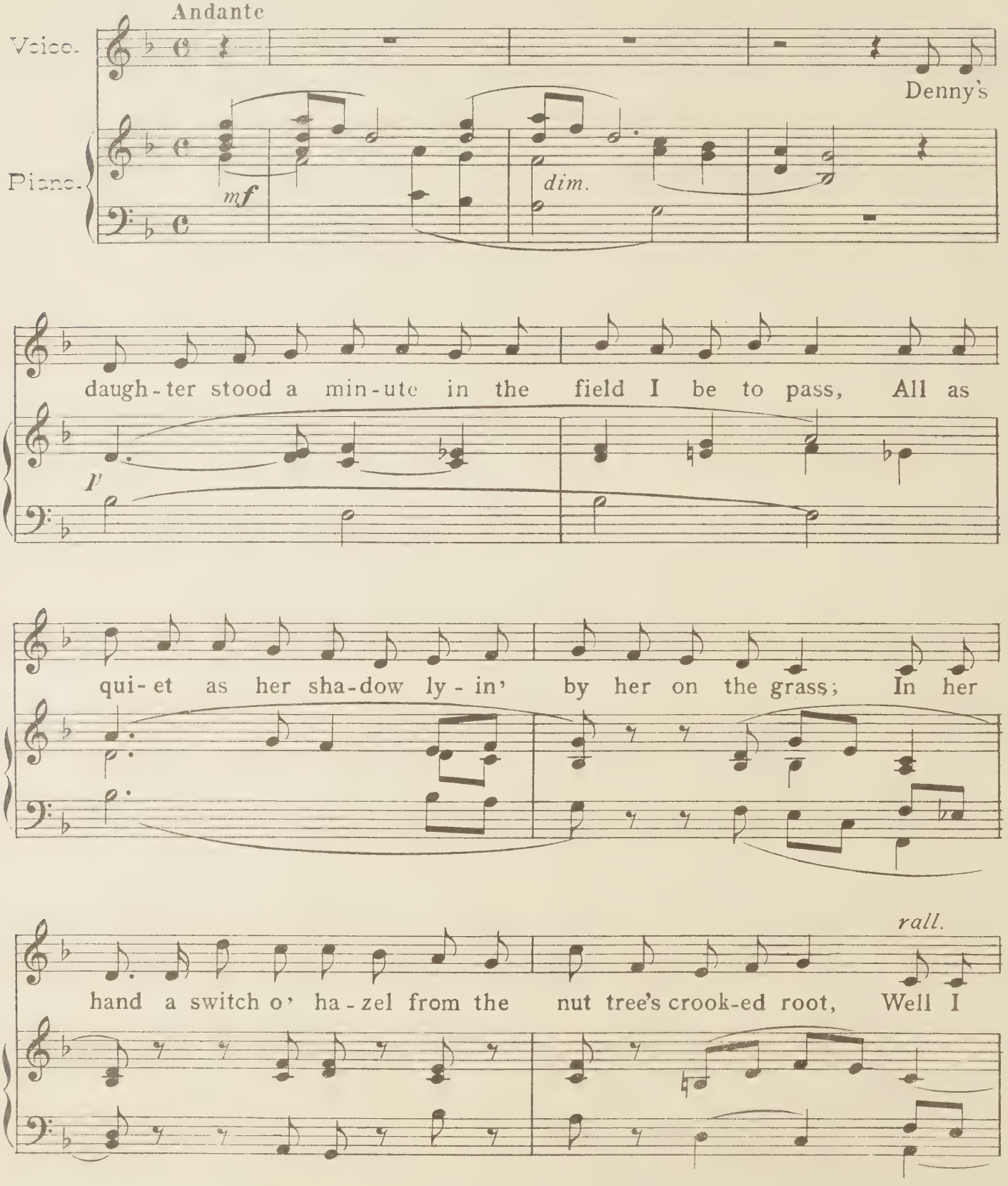
Then the boy from Ballytearim set his face another road,
An' whatever luck has followed him was never rightly knowed:
But still it's truth I'm tellin' ye—or may I never sin!—
All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin.

MOIRA O' NEILL.

Denny's Daughter.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op.174.



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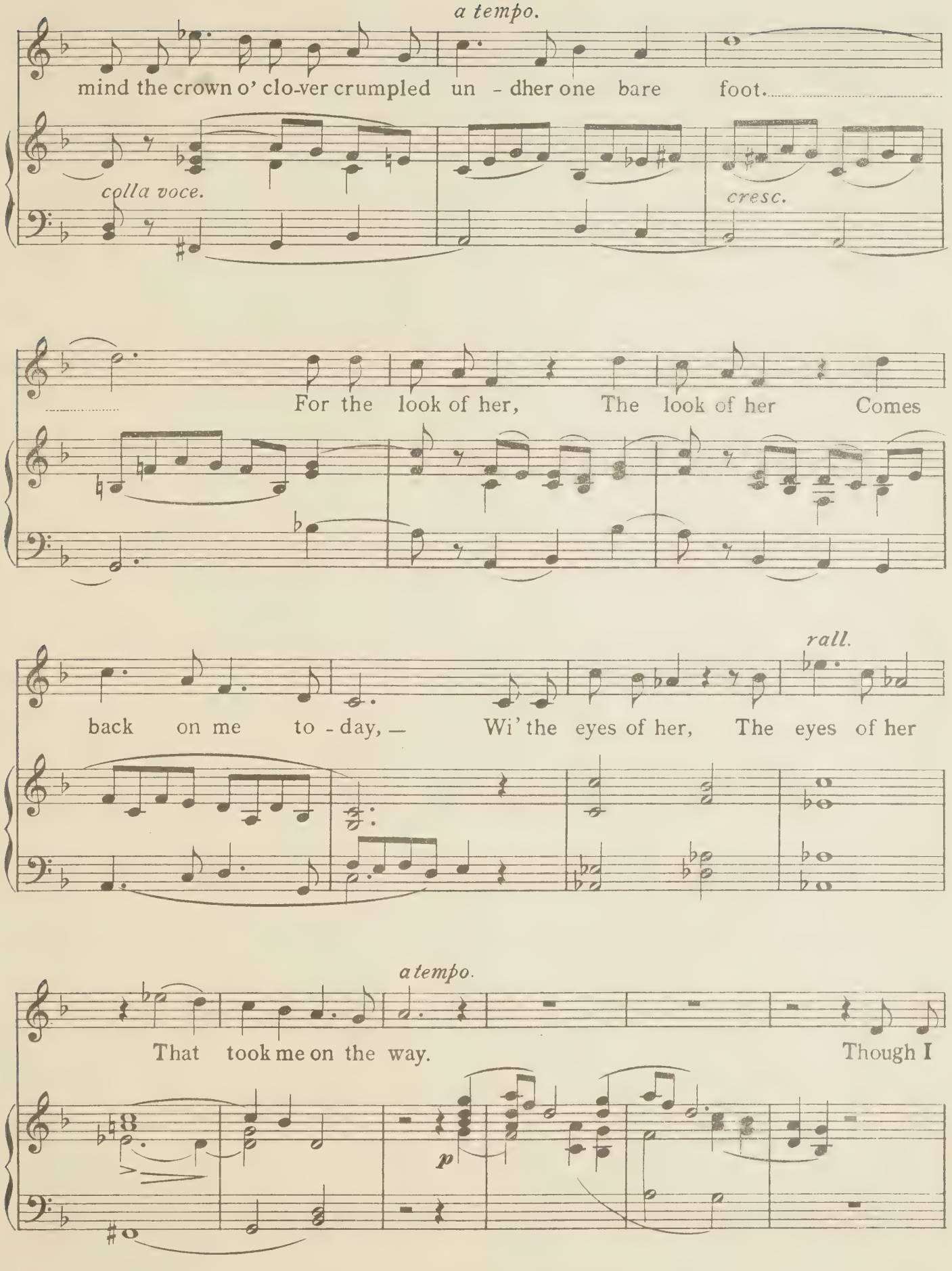
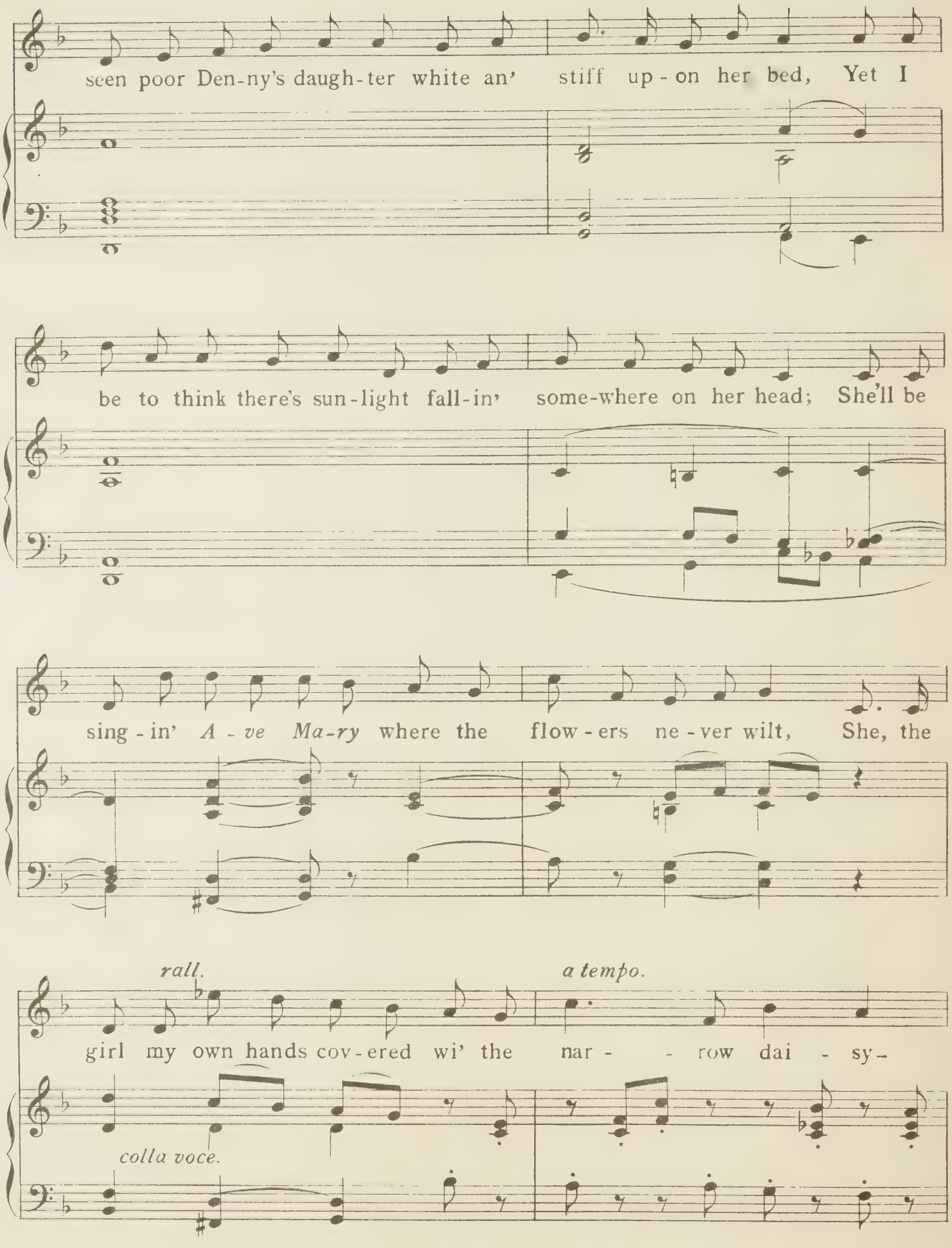
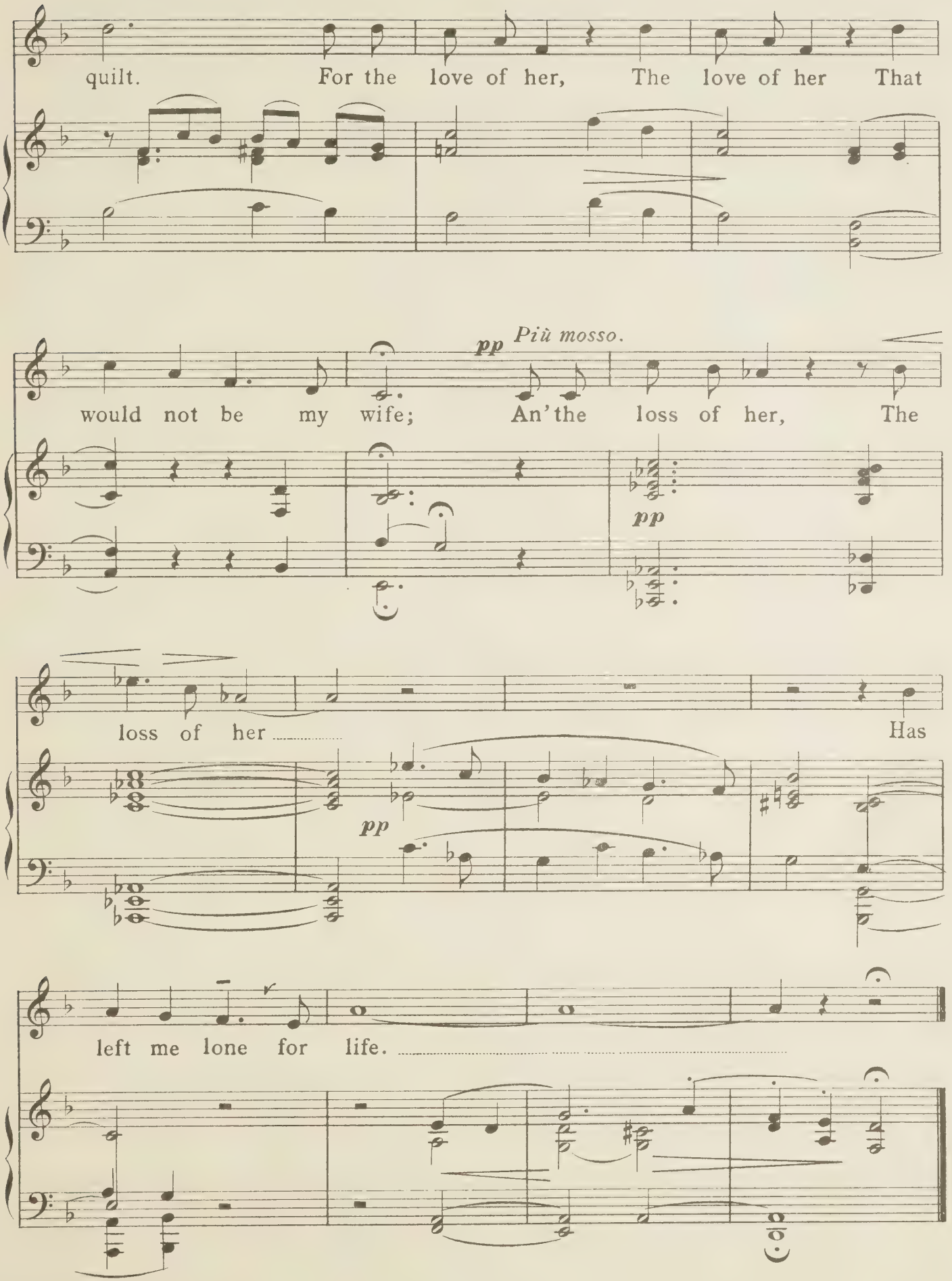

a tempo.
mind the crown o' clo-ver crumpled un - dher one bare foot.
colla voce.
cresc.
For the look of her, The look of her Comes
rall.
back on me to - day, — Wi' the eyes of her, The eyes of her
a tempo.
That took me on the way. Though I
p

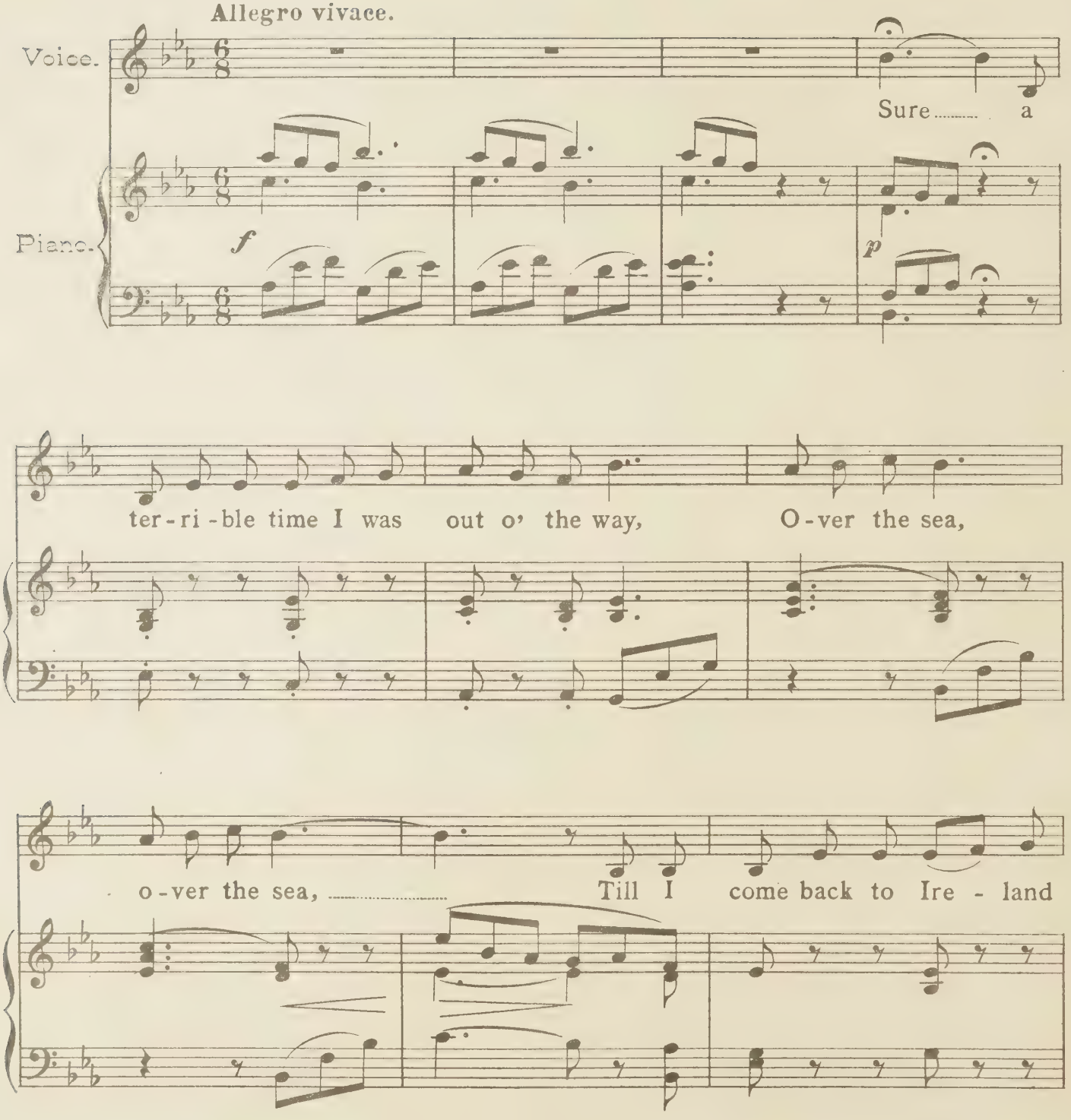

seen poor Den-ny's daugh-ter white an' stiff up-on her bed, Yet I
be to think there's sun-light fall-in' some-where on her head; She'll be
sing-in' A-ve Ma-ry where the flow-ers ne-ver wilt, She, the
rall.
a tempo.
girl my own hands cov-ered wi' the nar- - row dai - sy-
colla voce.


quilt. For the love of her, The love of her That
pp Più mosso.
would not be my wife; An' the loss of her, The
pp
loss of her
Has
pp
left me lone for life.

The Sailor man.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.



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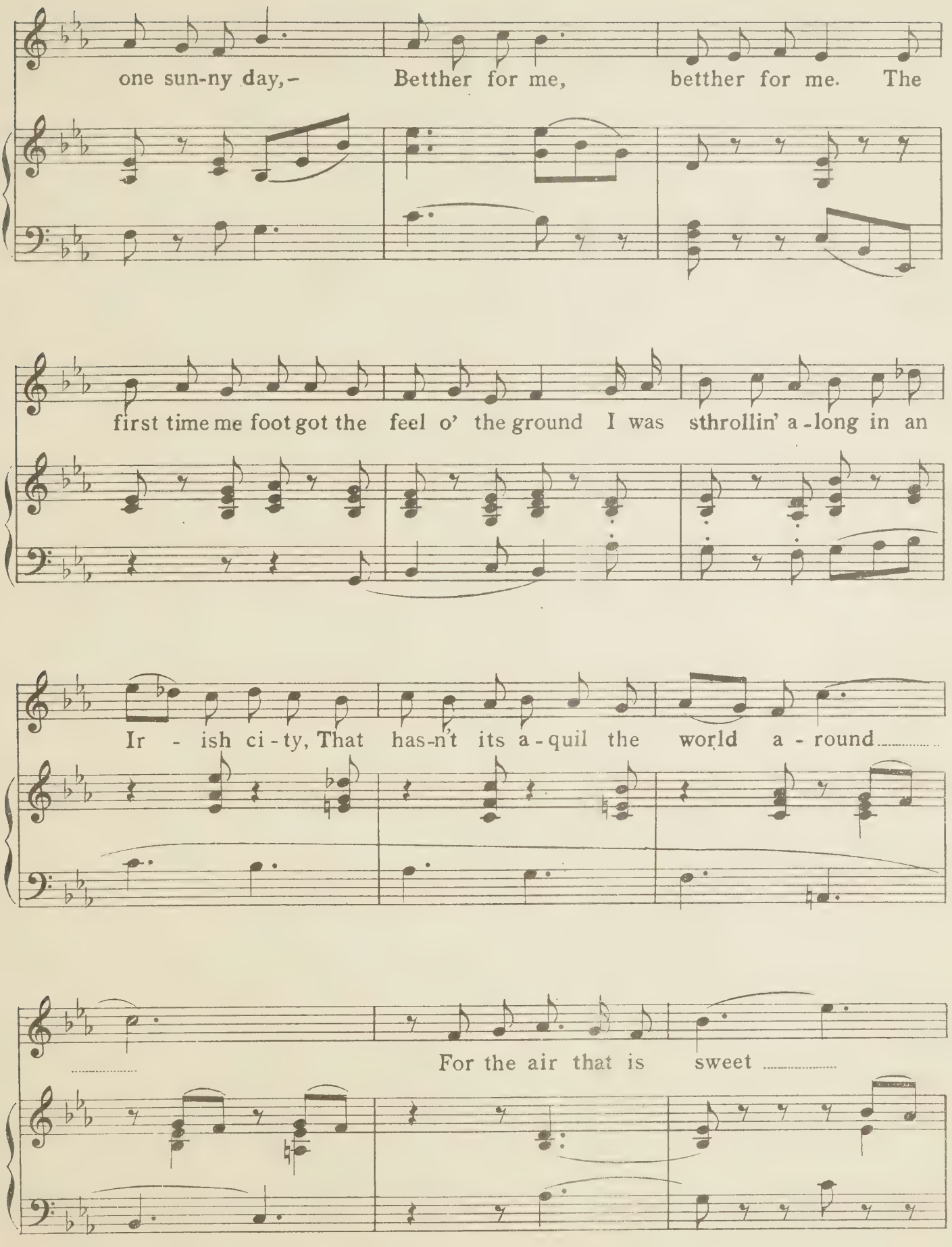
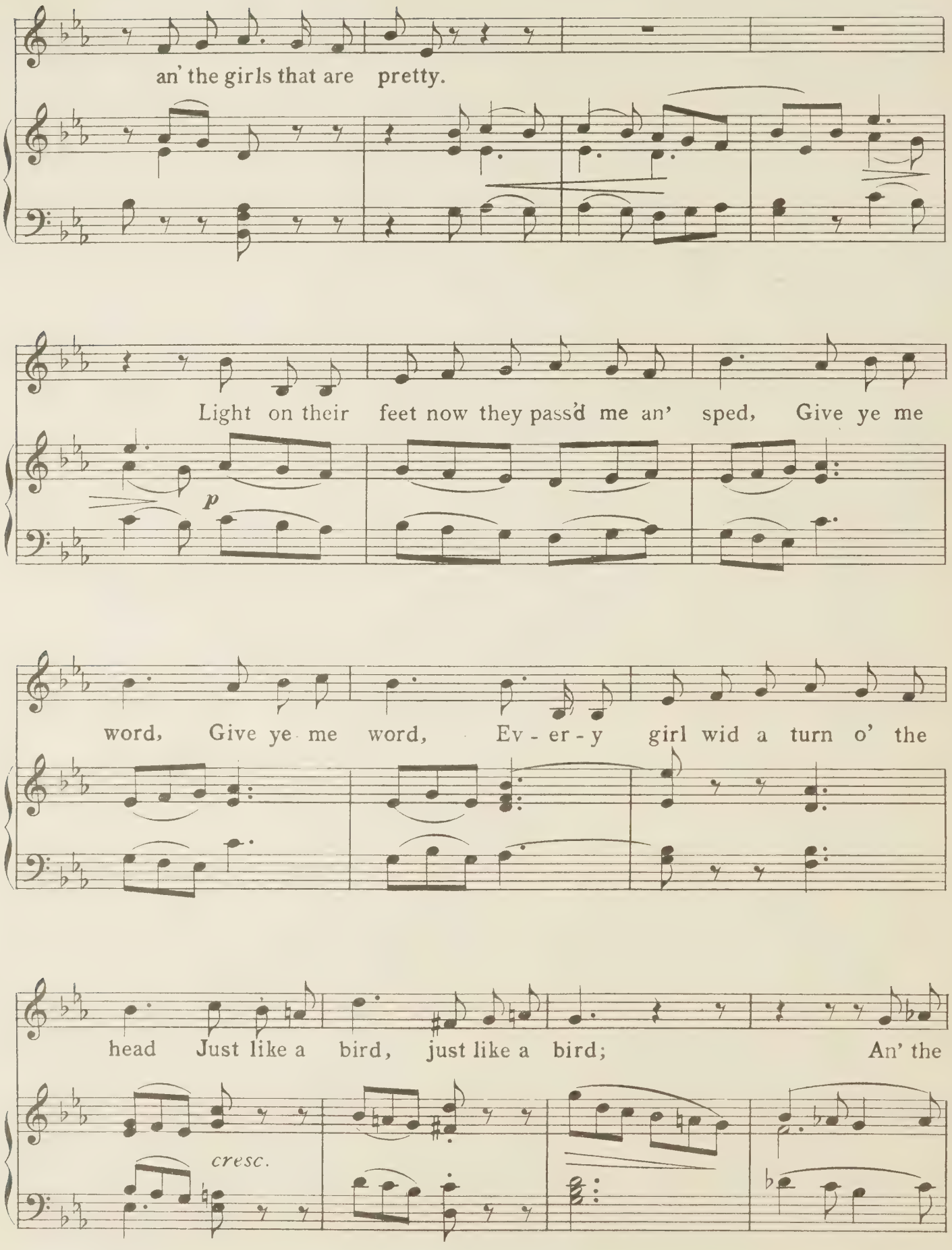
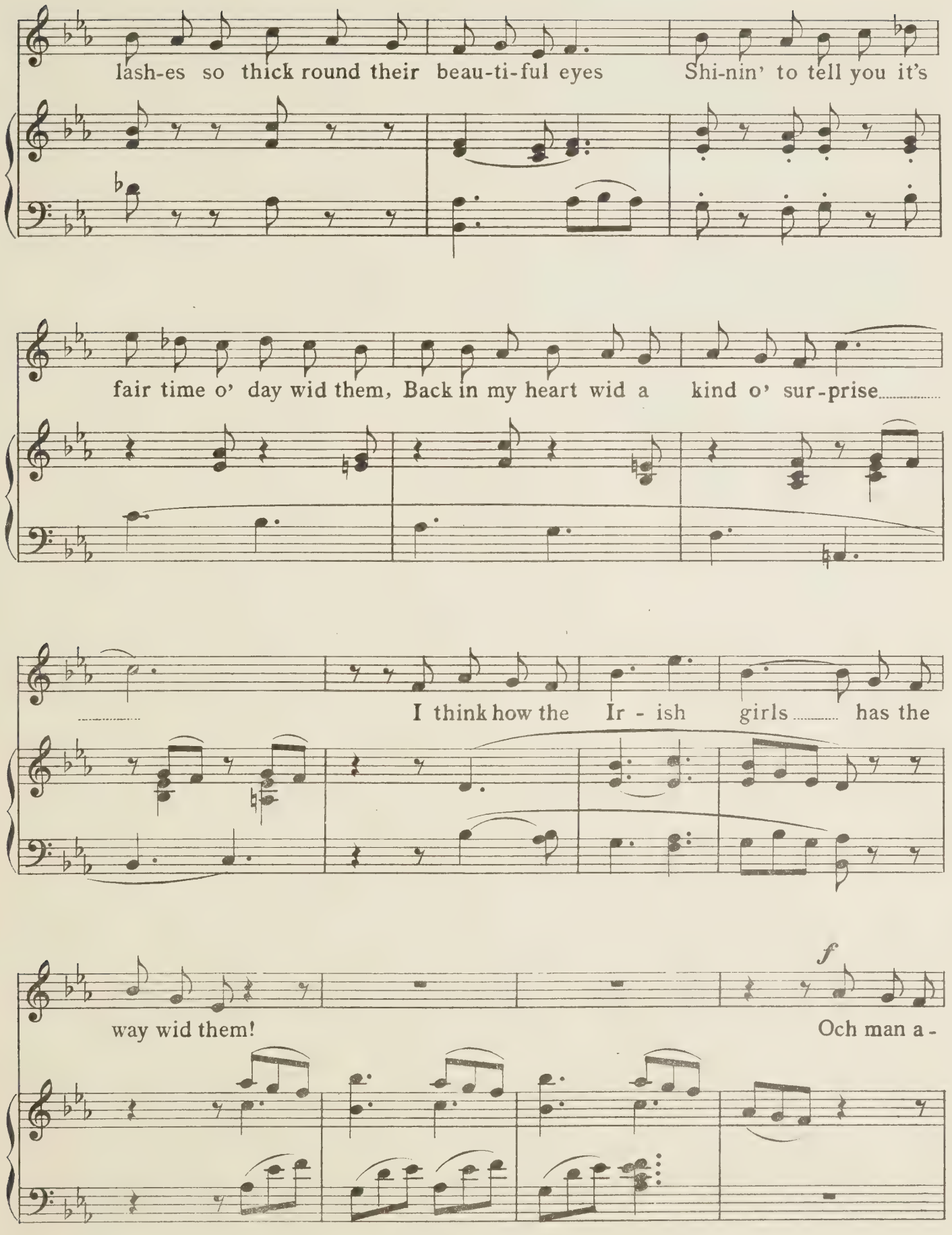
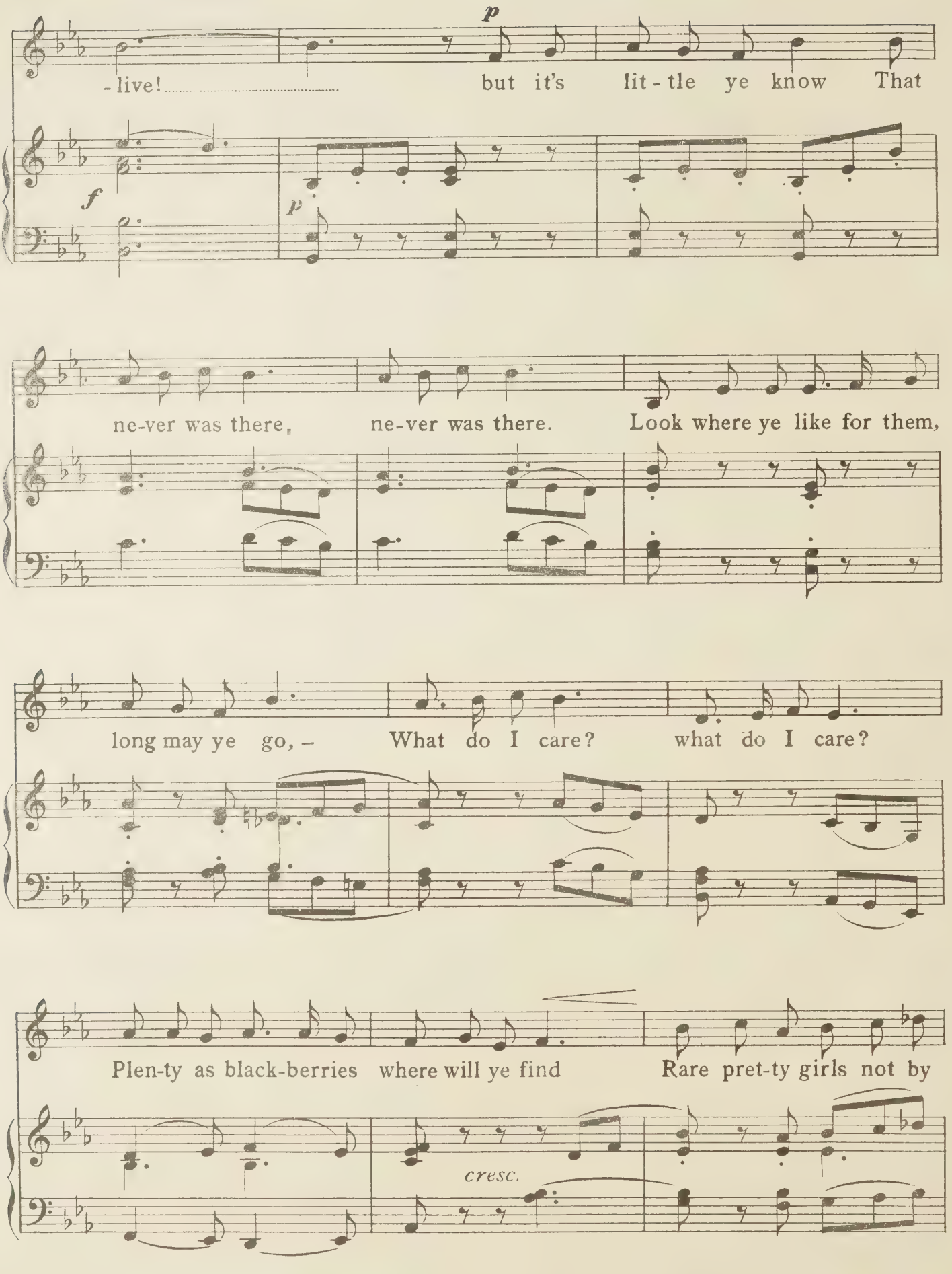
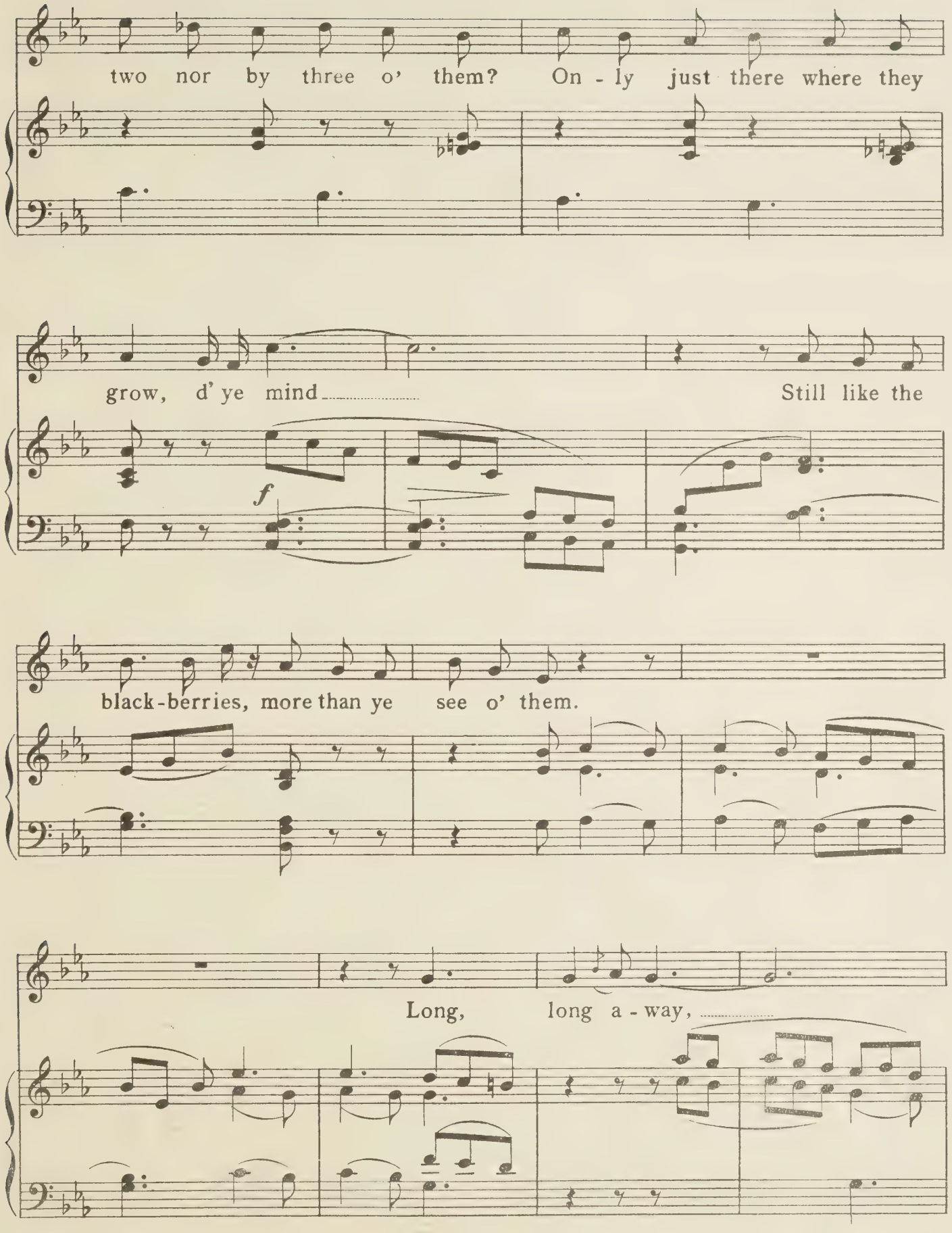
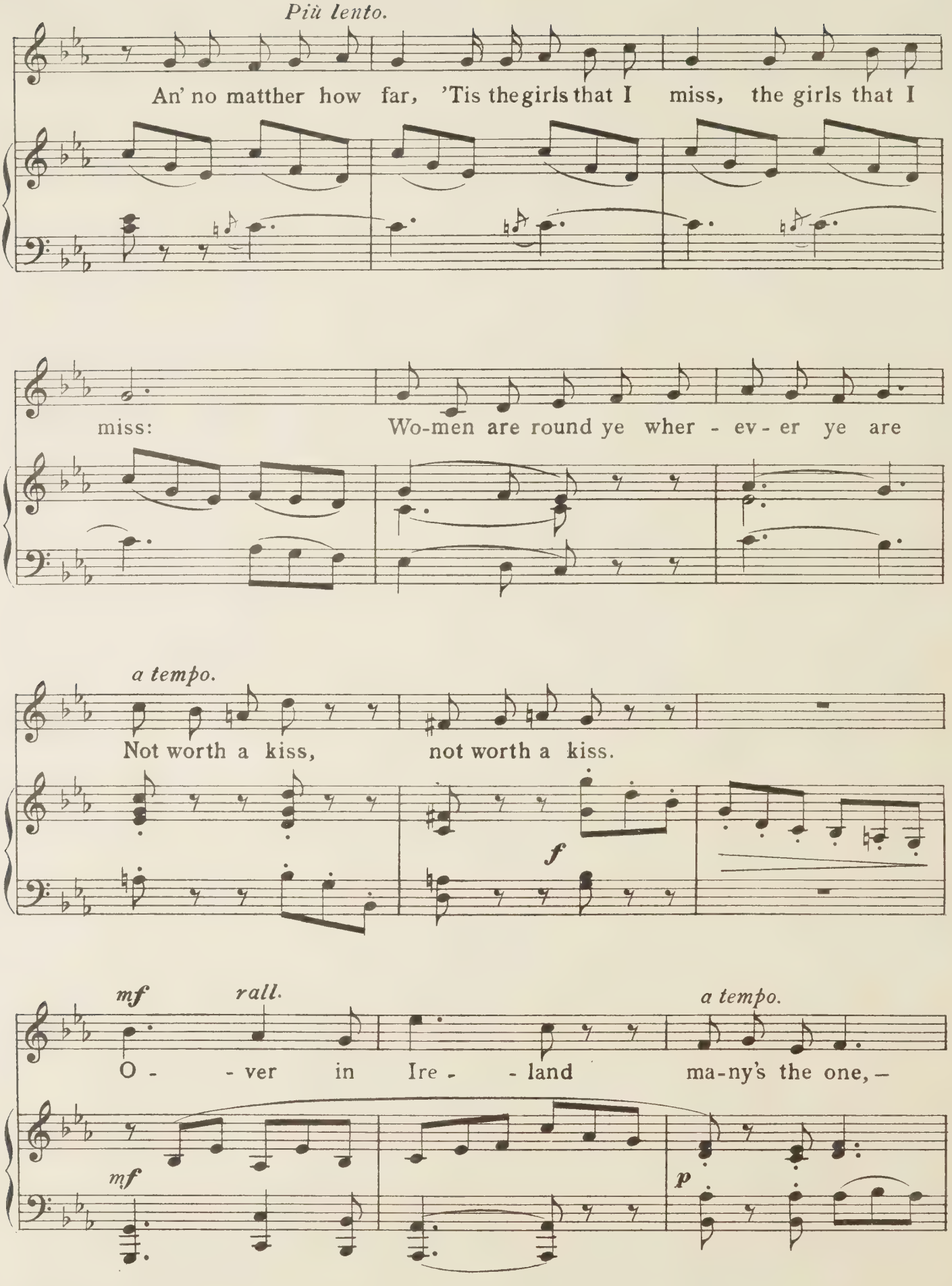

one sun-ny day,- Betther for me, betther for me. The
first time me foot got the feel o' the ground I was sthrollin' a-long in an
Ir - ish ci-ty, That has-n't its a-quil the world a - round
For the air that is sweet

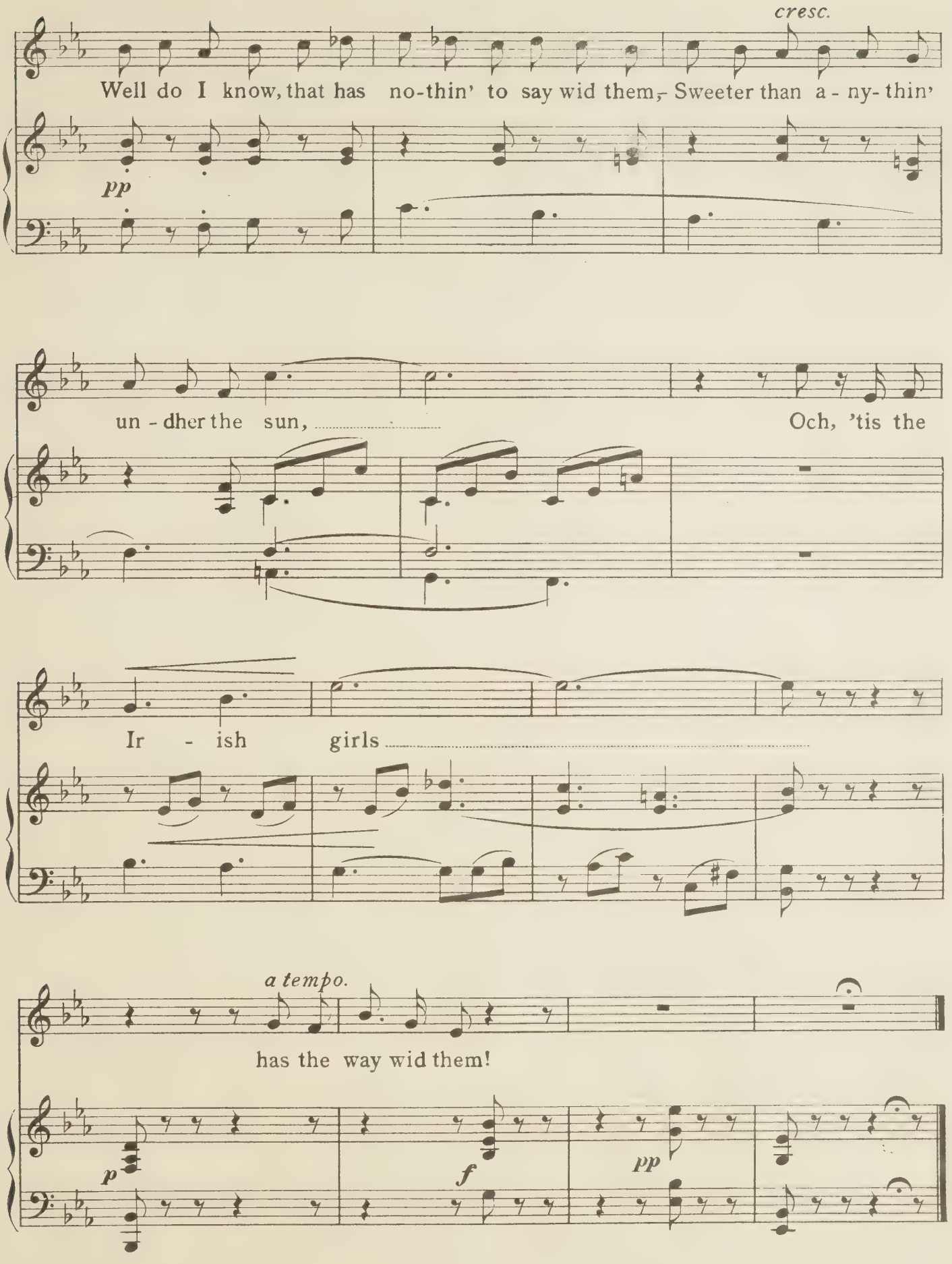

an' the girls that are pretty.
Light on their feet now they pass'd me an' sped, Give ye me
p
word, Give ye me word, Ev - er - y girl wid a turn o' the
head Just like a bird, just like a bird; An' the
cresc.


lash-es so thick round their beau-ti-ful eyes Shi-nin' to tell you it's
fair time o' day wid them, Back in my heart wid a kind o' sur-prise
I think how the Ir - ish girls has the
f
way wid them!
Och man a -


p
-live!
but it's lit-tle ye know That
f
p
ne-ver was there,
ne-ver was there.
Look where ye like for them,
long may ye go, –
What do I care?
what do I care?
Plen-ty as black-berries
where will ye find
Rare pret-ty girls not by
cresc.


two nor by three o' them? On - ly just there where they
grow, d' ye mind Still like the
f
black-berries, more than ye see o' them.
Long, long a - way,

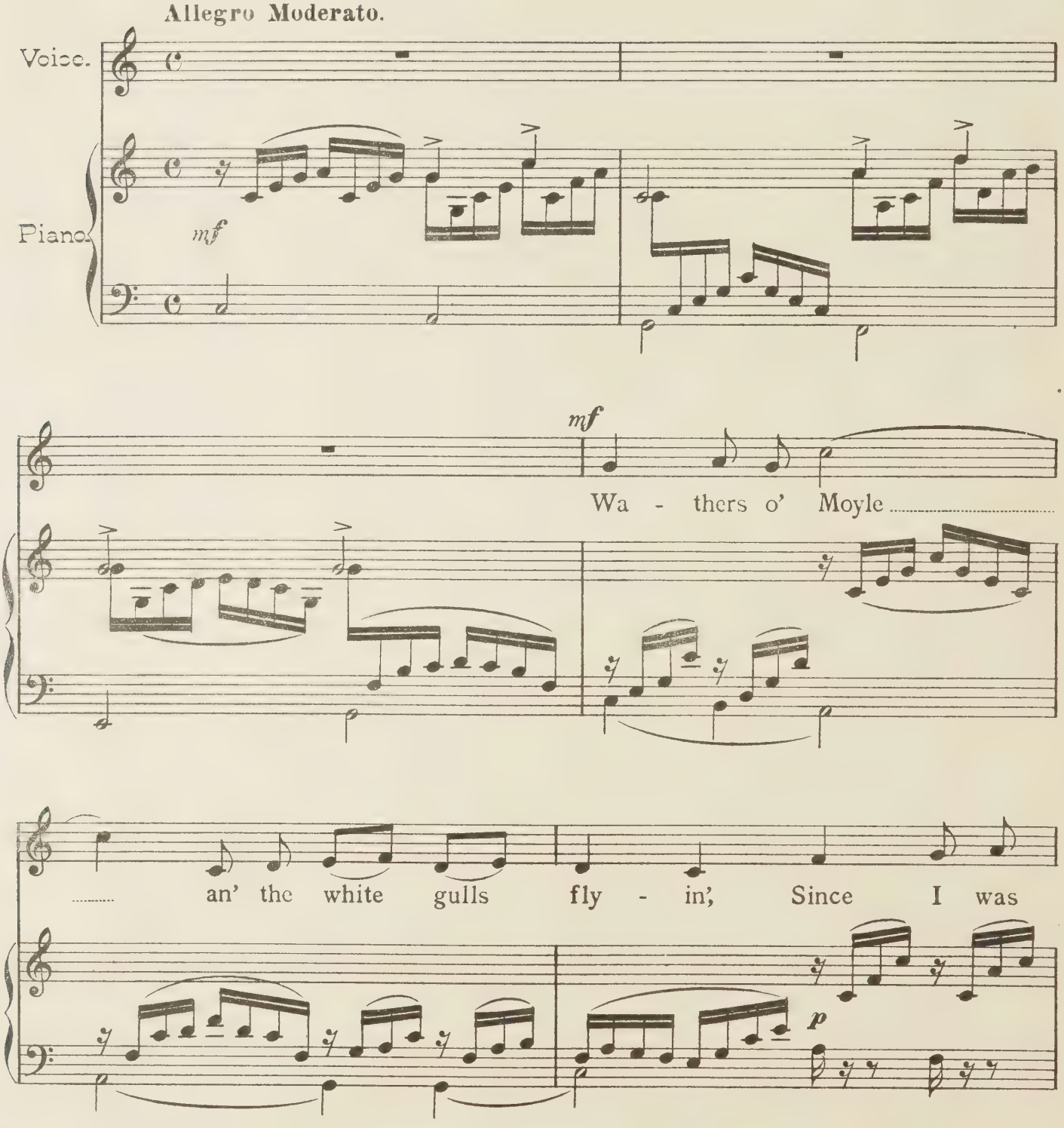

Più lento.
An' no matther how far, 'Tis the girls that I miss, the girls that I
miss:
Wo-men are round ye wher - ev - er ye are
a tempo.
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.
f
mf
rall.
a tempo.
O - - ver in Ire - - land ma-ny's the one, –
mf
p


cresc.
Well do I know, that has no-thin' to say wid them, Sweeter than a - ny- thin'
pp
un - dher the sun,
Och, 'tis the
Ir - ish girls
a tempo.
has the way wid them!
p
f
pp

Lookin' Back.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.



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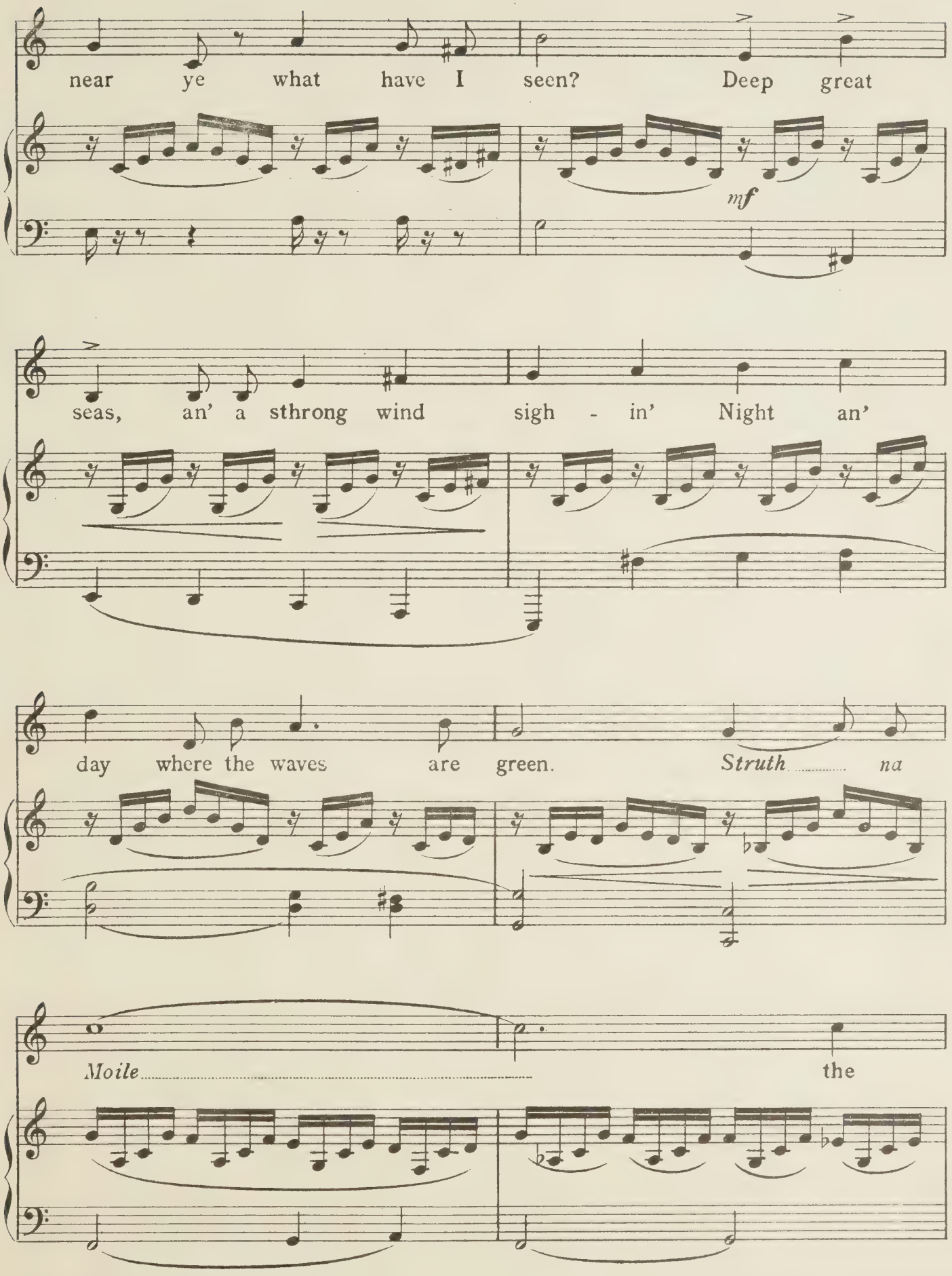
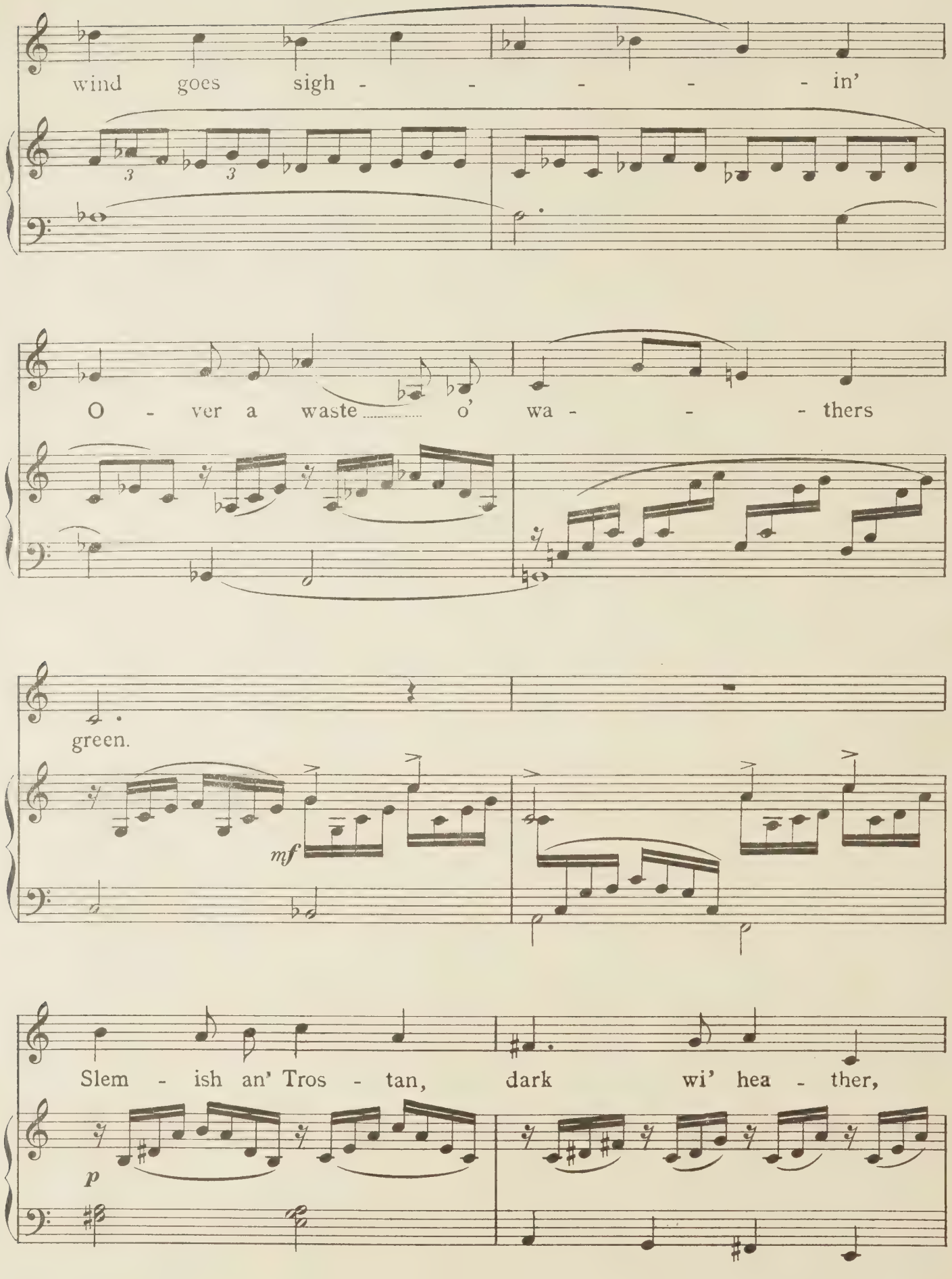
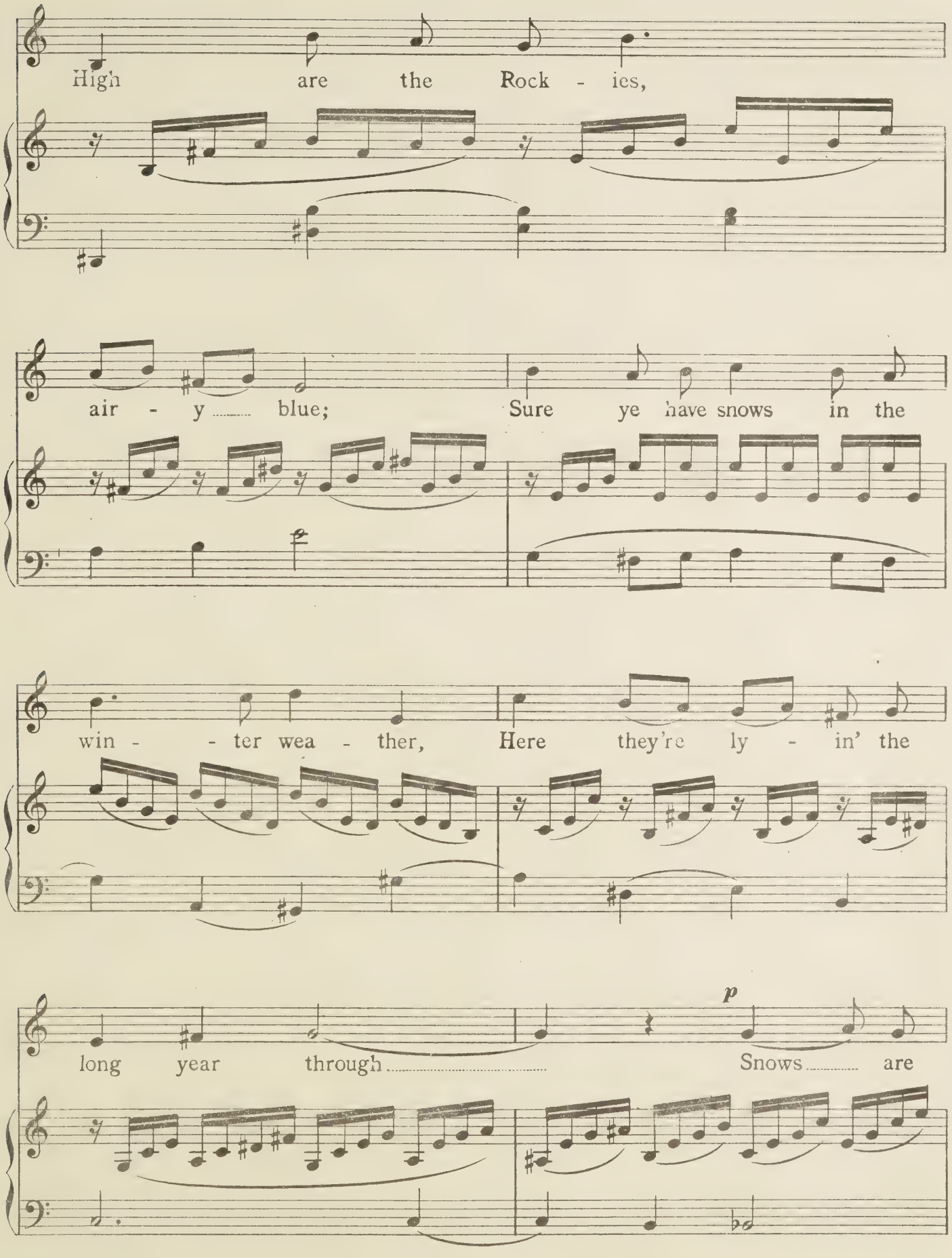
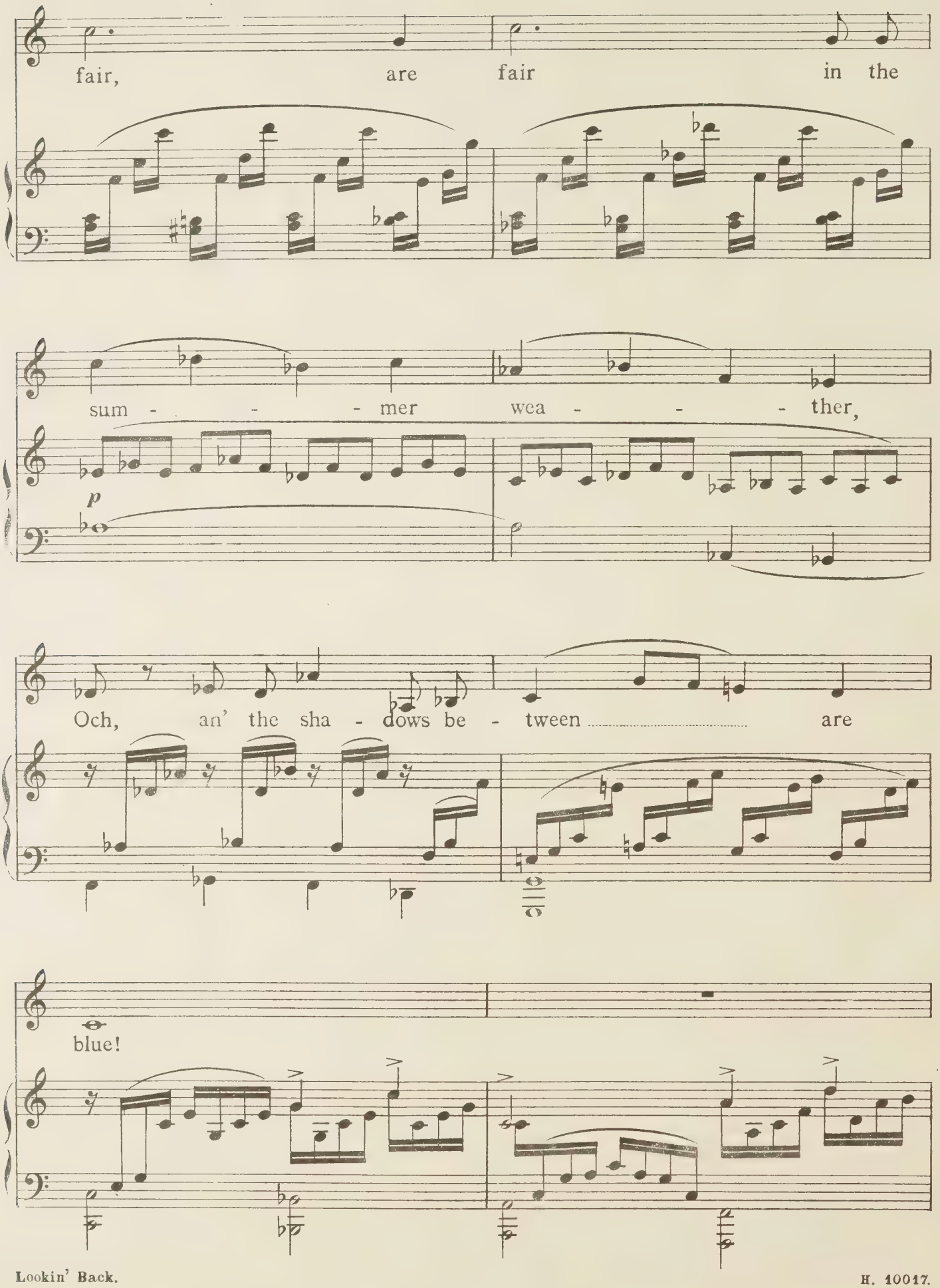
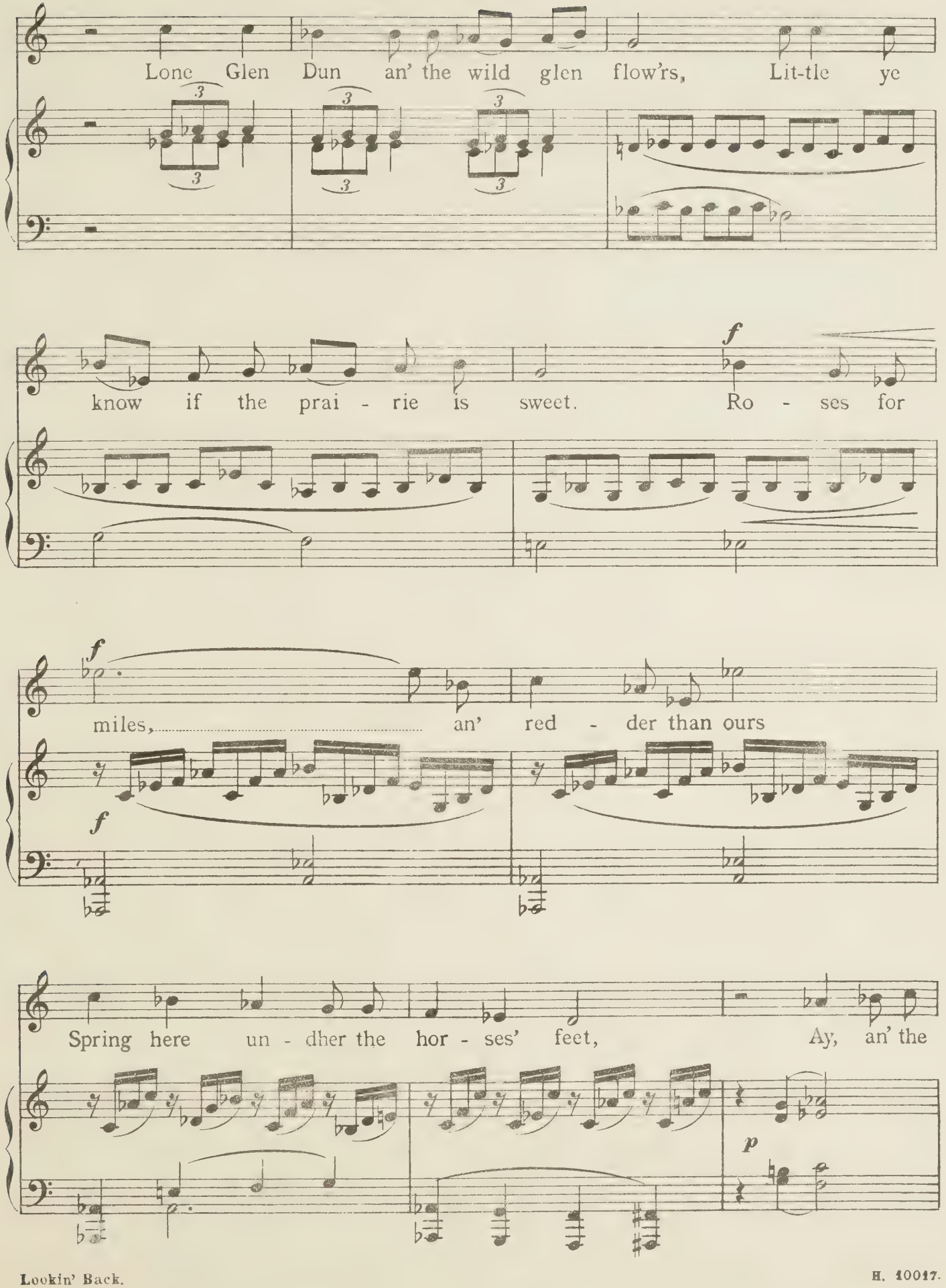
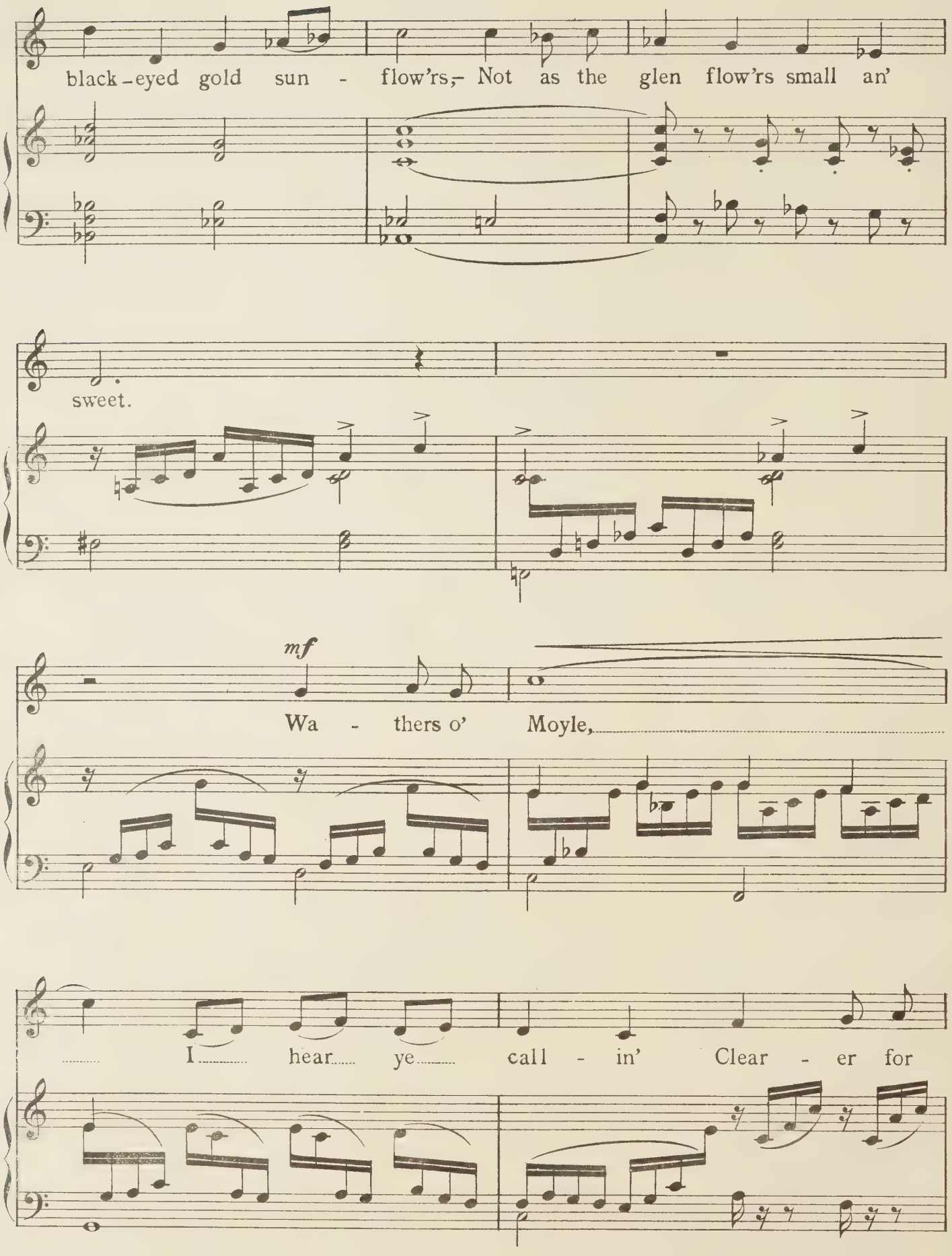

near ye what have I seen? Deep great
mf
seas, an' a sthrong wind sigh - in' Night an'
day where the waves are green. Struth na
Moile the

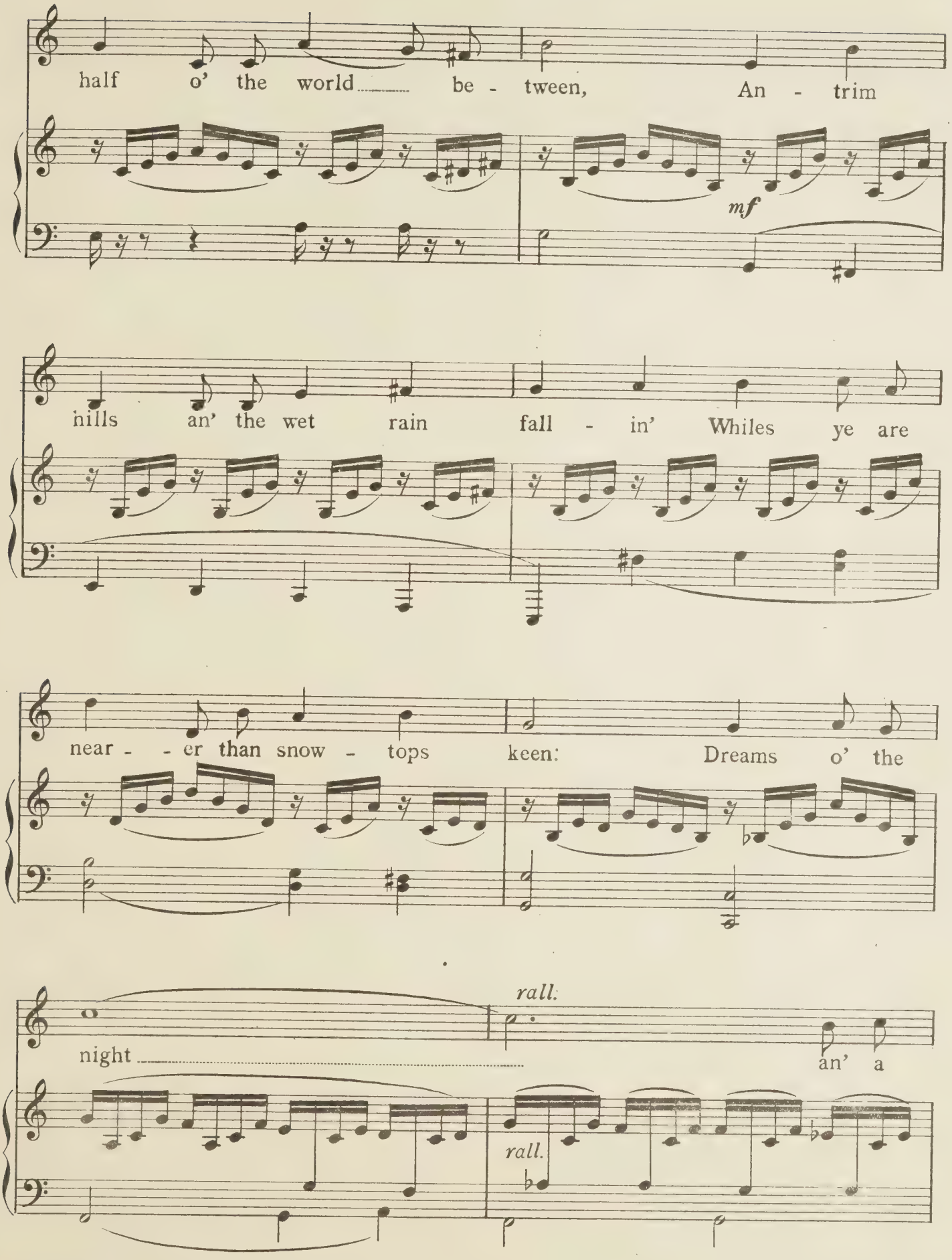

wind goes sigh - - - - - in'
O - ver a waste o' wa - - - thers
green.
mf
Slem - ish an' Tros - tan, dark wi' hea - ther,
p

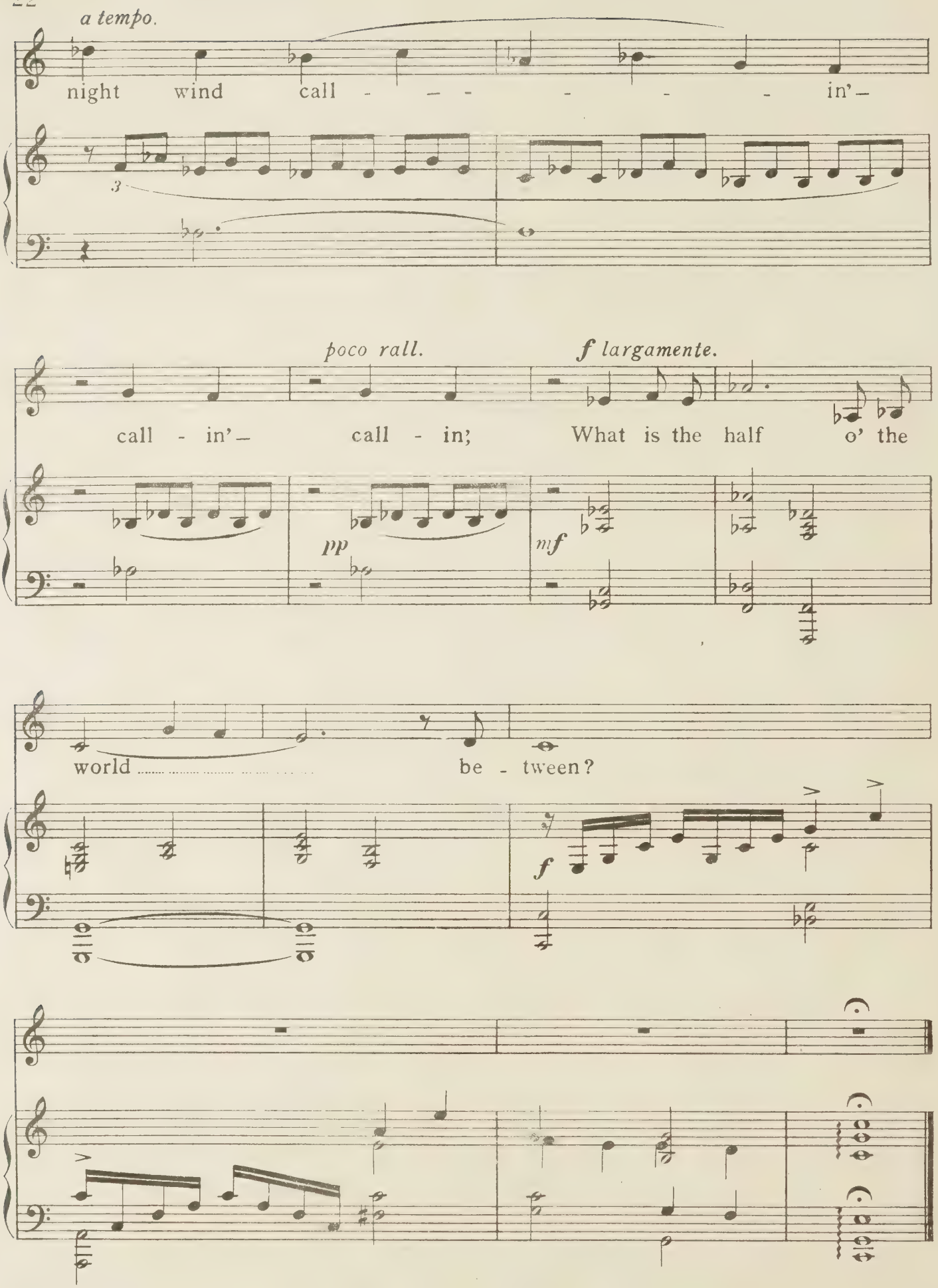

High are the Rock - ies,
air - y blue; Sure ye have snows in the
win - - ter wea - ther, Here they're ly - in' the
long year through Snows are
p


fair, are fair in the
sum - - - mer wea - - - ther,
p
Och, an' the sha - dows be - tween ..... are
blue!


Lone Glen Dun an' the wild glen flow'rs, Lit-tle ye
know if the prai - rie is sweet. Ro - ses for
miles, an' red - der than ours
Spring here un - dher the hor - ses' feet, Ay, an' the


black-eyed gold sun - flow'rs,- Not as the glen flow'rs small an'
sweet.
mf
Wa - thers o' Moyle,
I hear ye call - in' Clear - er for

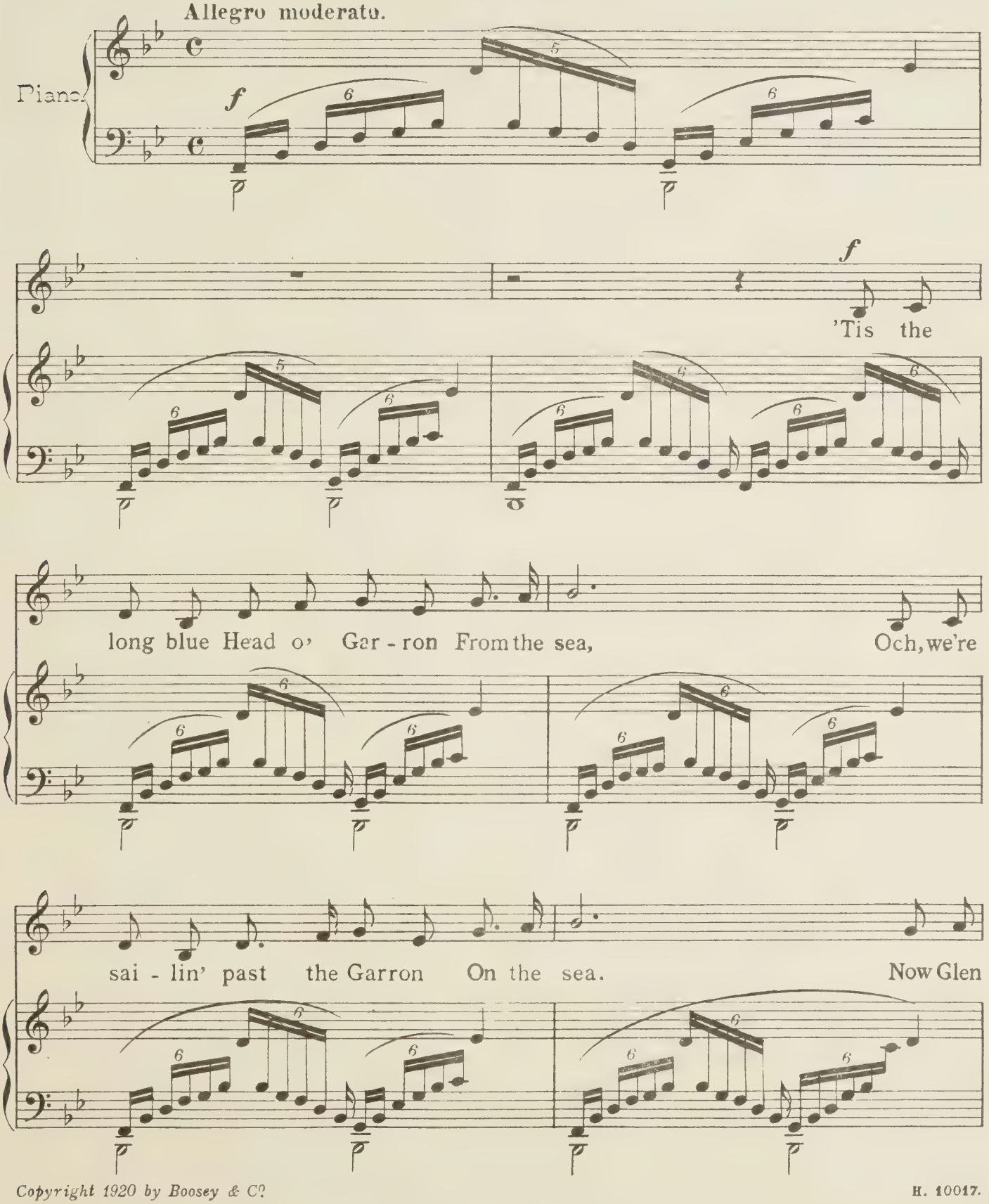

half o' the world be - tween, An - trim
mf
hills an' the wet rain fall - in' Whiles ye are
near - - er than snow - tops keen: Dreams o' the
rall.
night
an' a
rall.


a tempo.
night wind call - - - - - - in'-
poco rall.
f largamente.
call - in'- call - in; What is the half o' the
pp
mf
world
be - tween?
f

At Sea.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.



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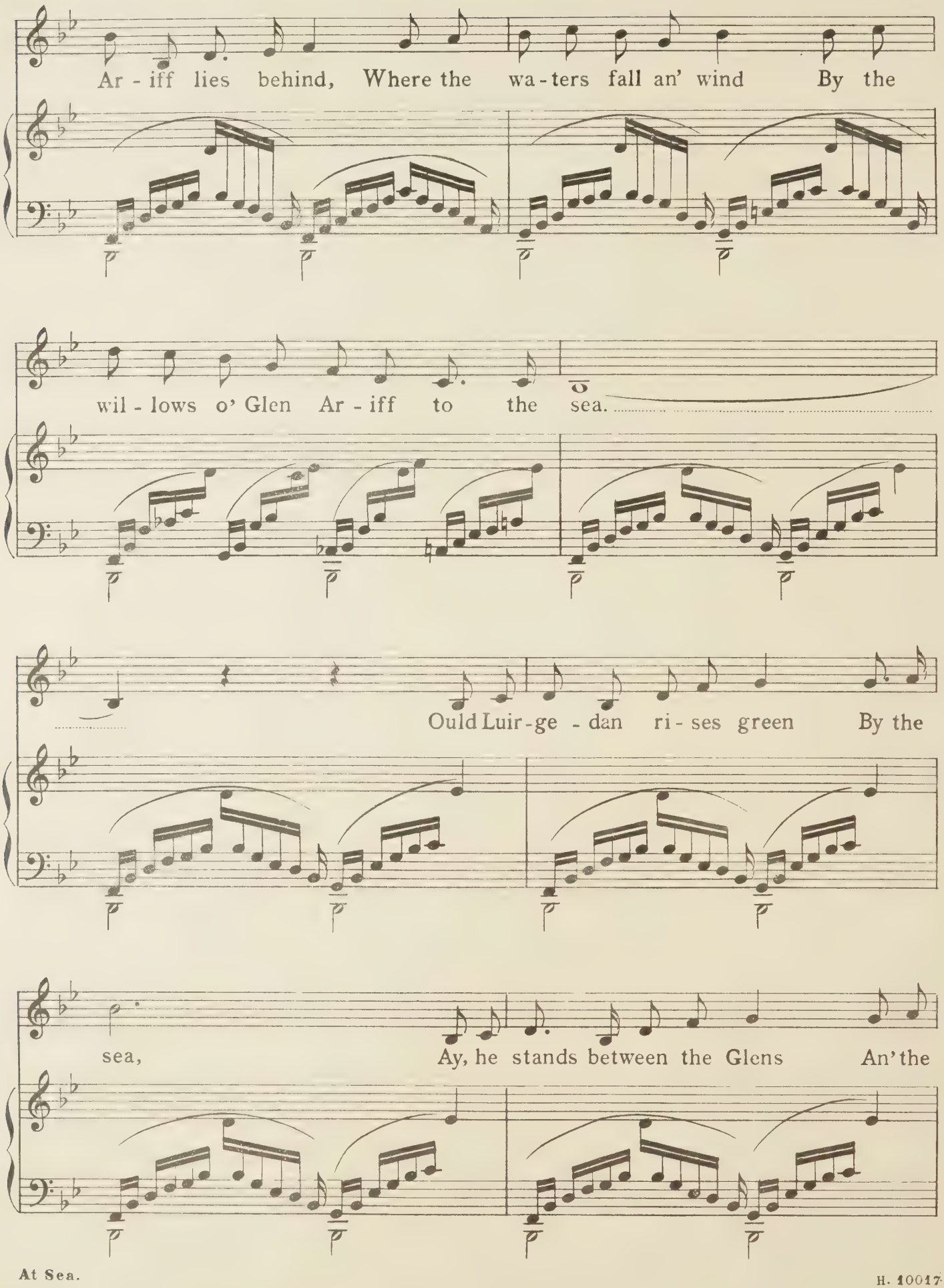
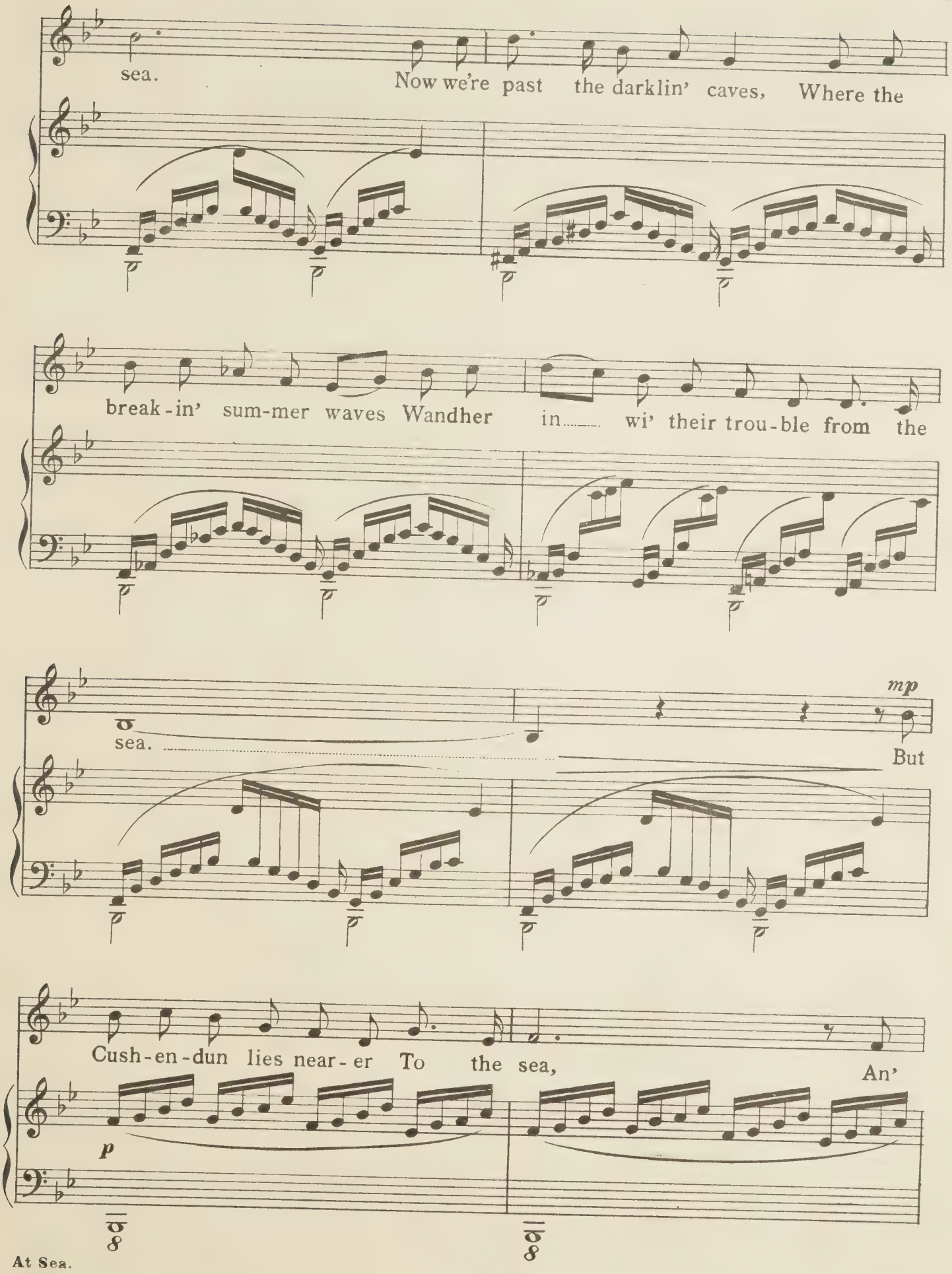
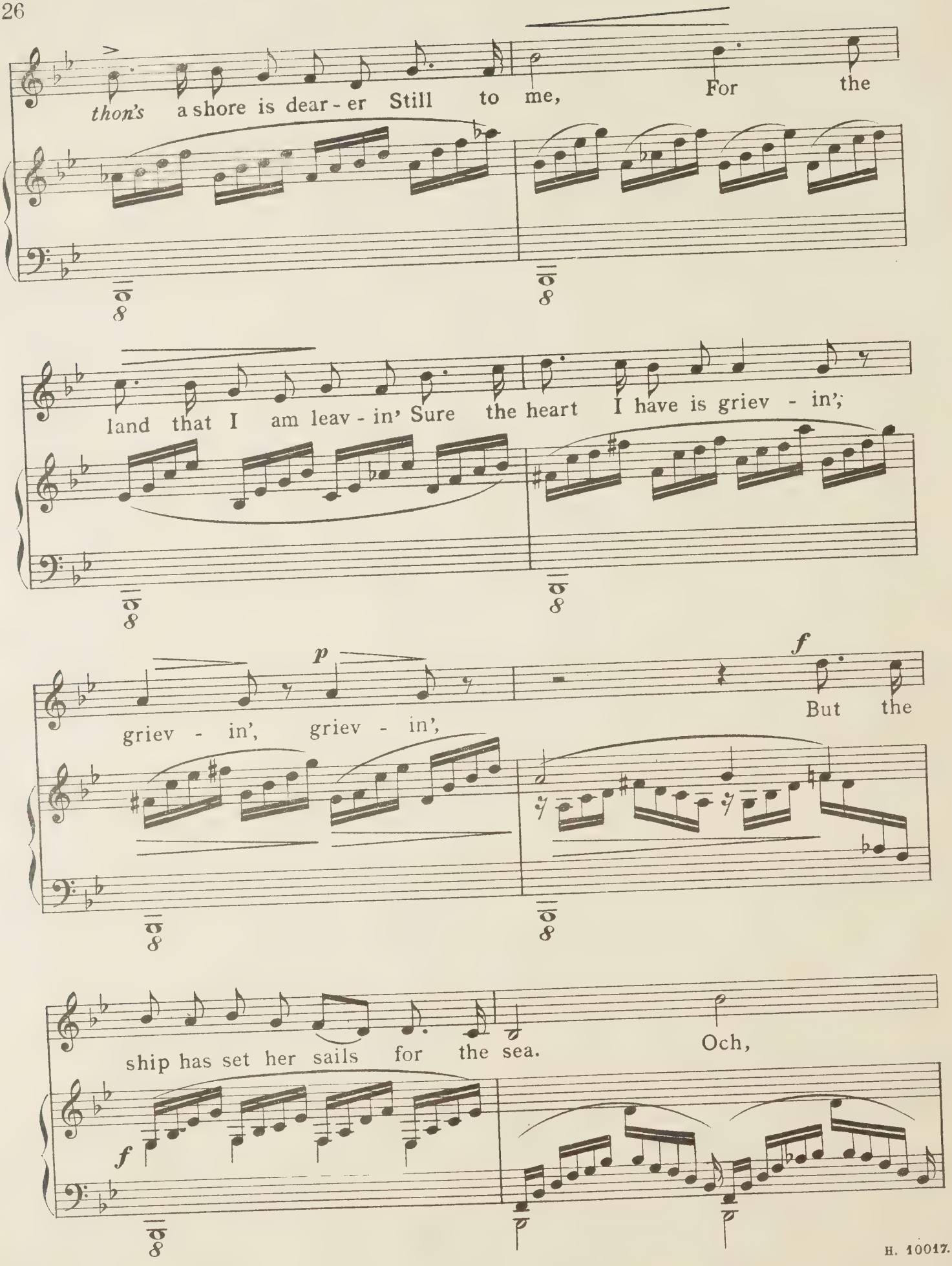
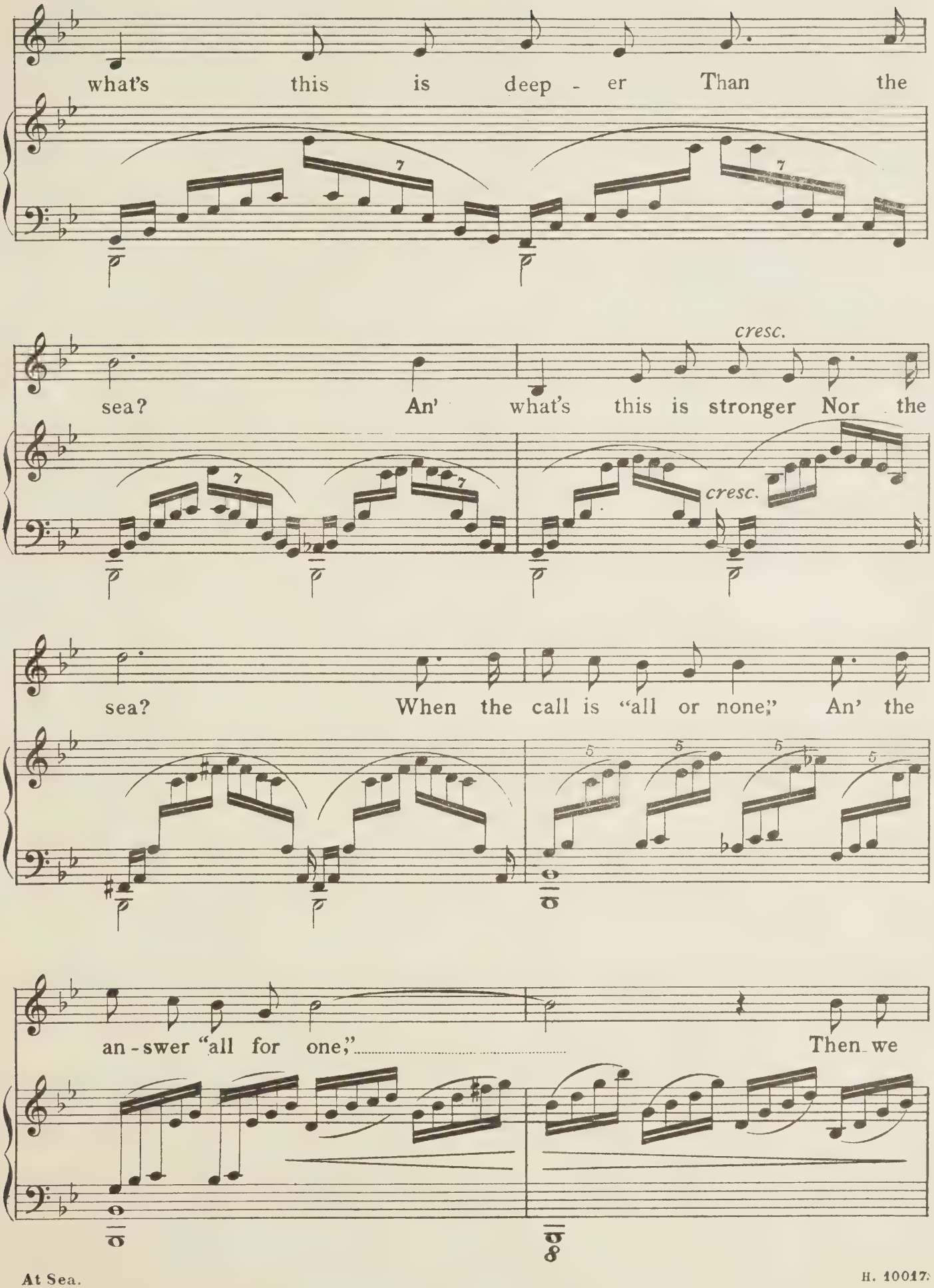
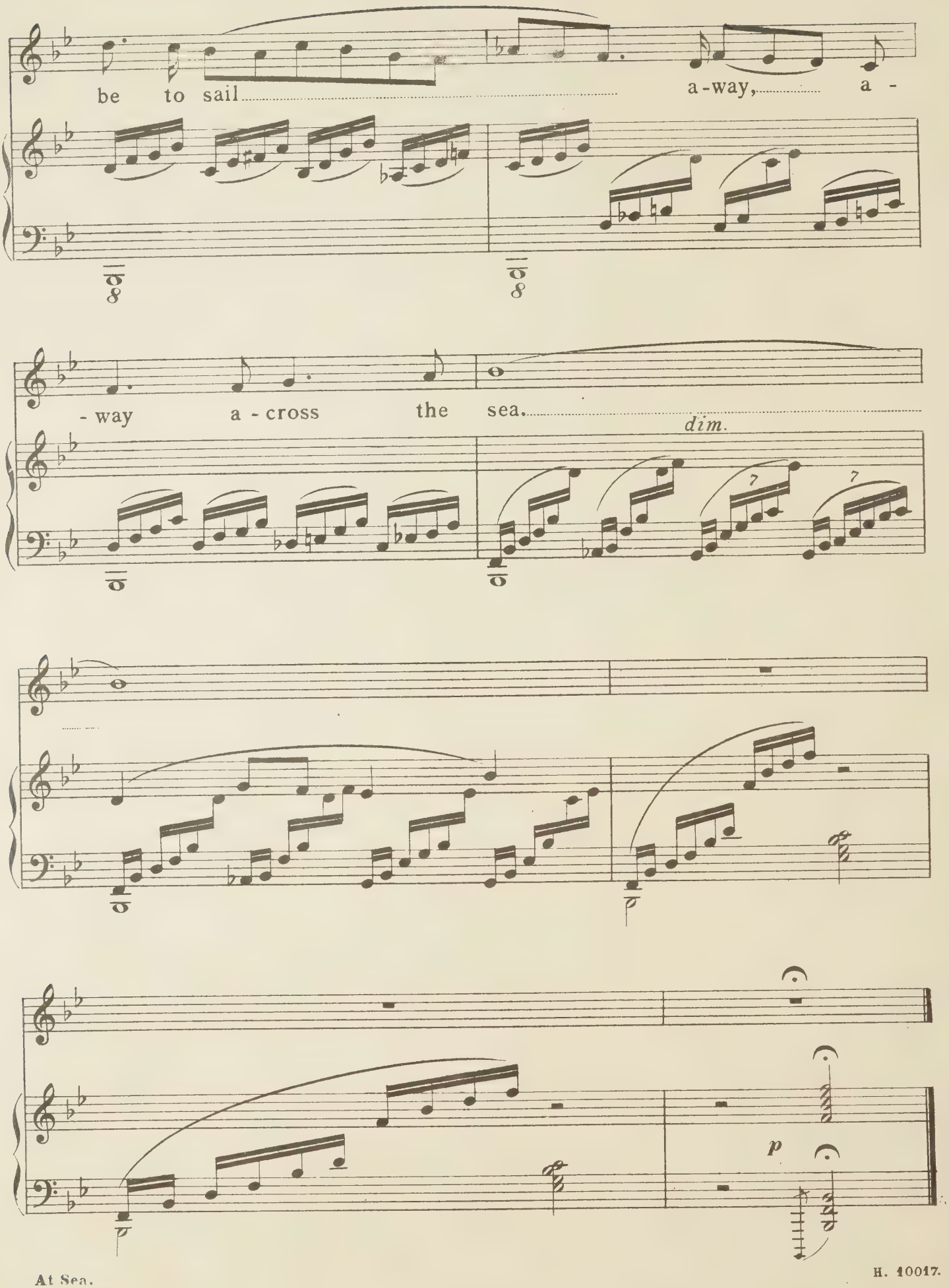

Ar - iff lies behind, Where the wa - ters fall an' wind By the
wil - lows o' Glen Ar - iff to the sea.
Ould Luir - ge - dan ri - ses green By the
sea, Ay, he stands between the Glens An' the


sea.
Now we're past the darklin' caves, Where the
break-in' sum-mer waves Wandher in wi' their trou-ble from the
mp
sea.
But
Cush-en-dun lies near-er To the sea,
An'
p


thon's a shore is dear - er Still to me, For the
land that I am leav - in' Sure the heart I have is griev - in';
griev - in', griev - in',
But the
ship has set her sails for the sea.
Och,


what's this is deep - er Than the
sea? An' what's this is stronger Nor the
cresc.
cresc.
sea? When the call is "all or none;" An' the
an - swer "all for one;" Then we


be to sail
a-way,
a -
- way
a - cross
the sea.
dim.
p

I mind the day.

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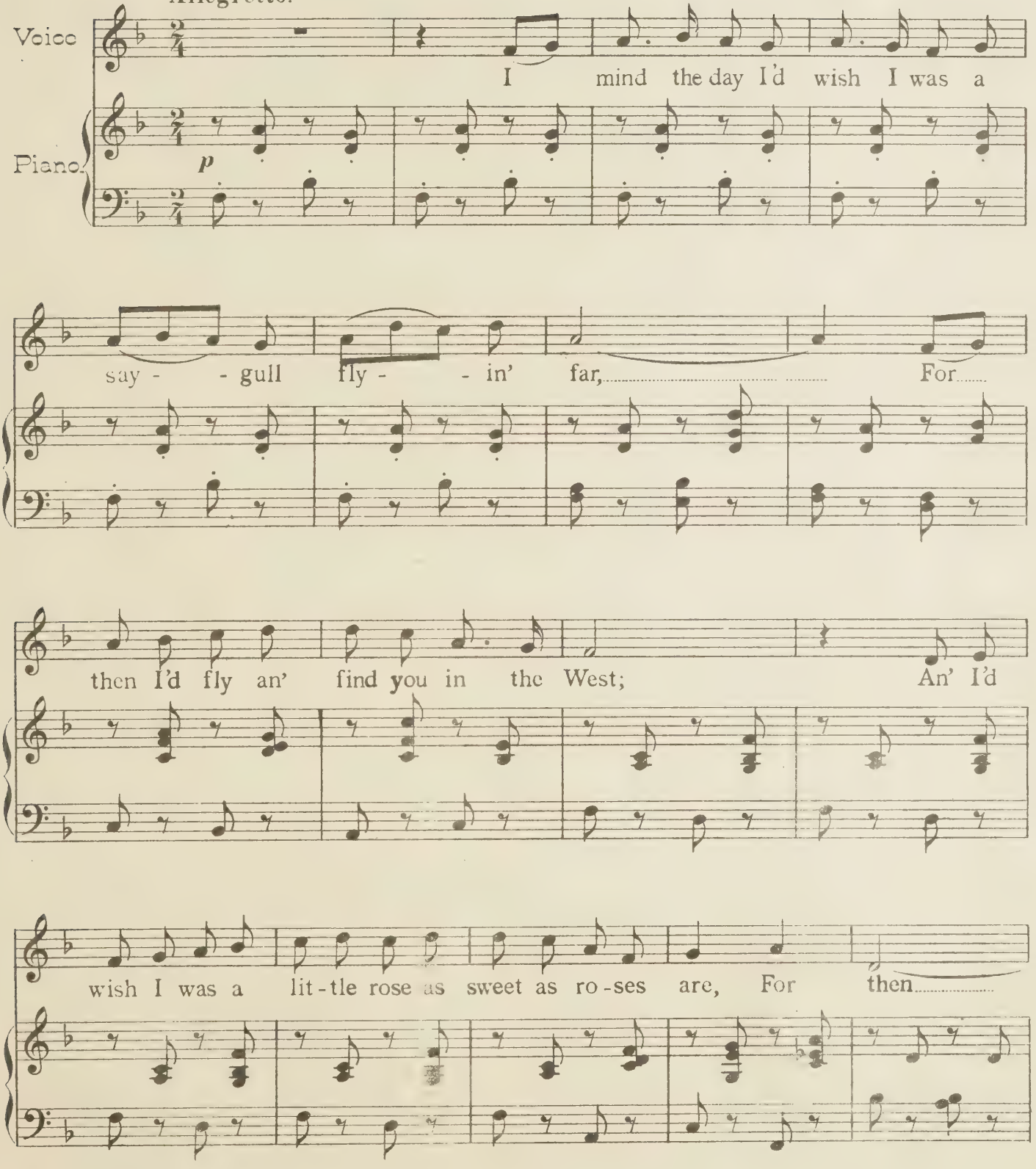
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.



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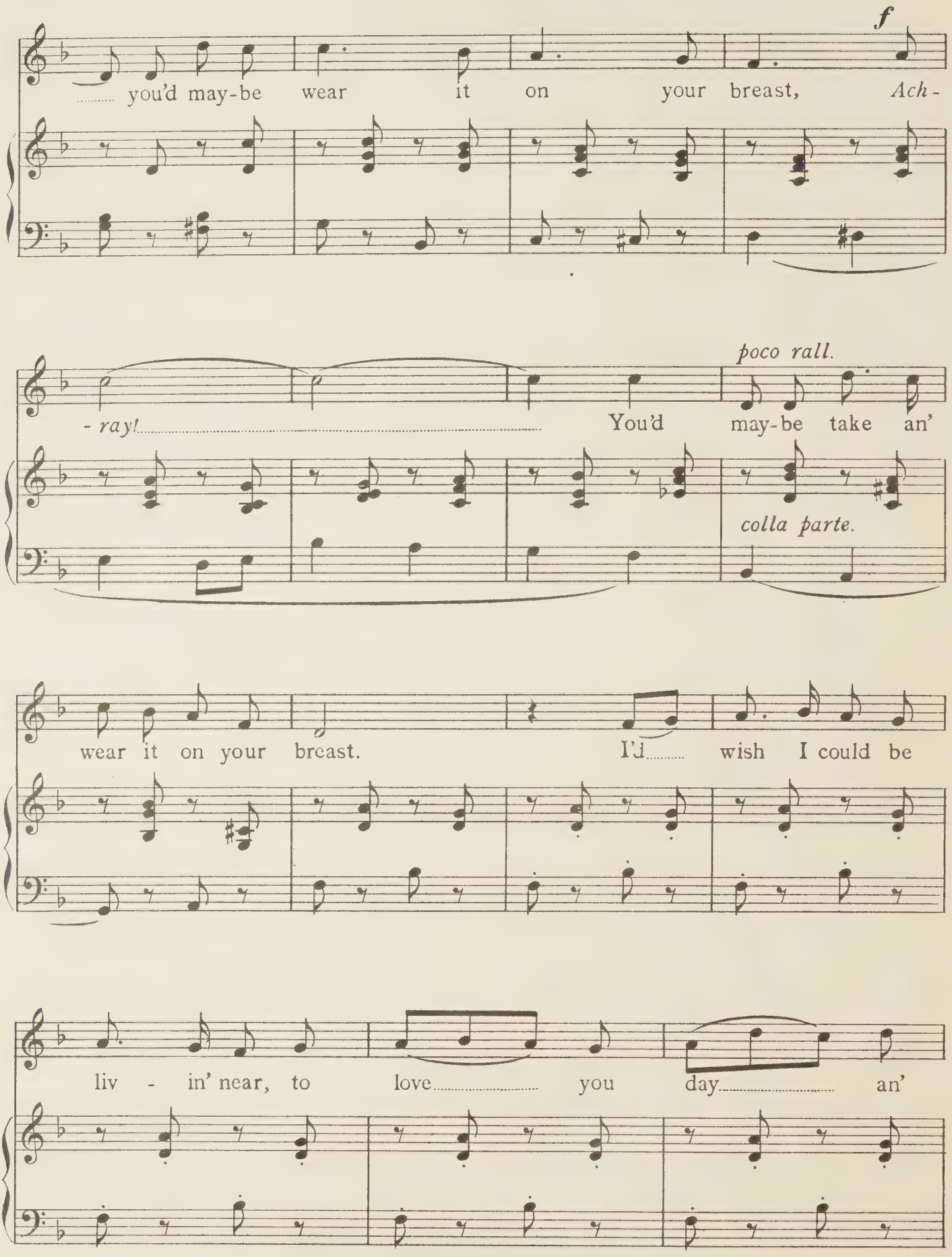
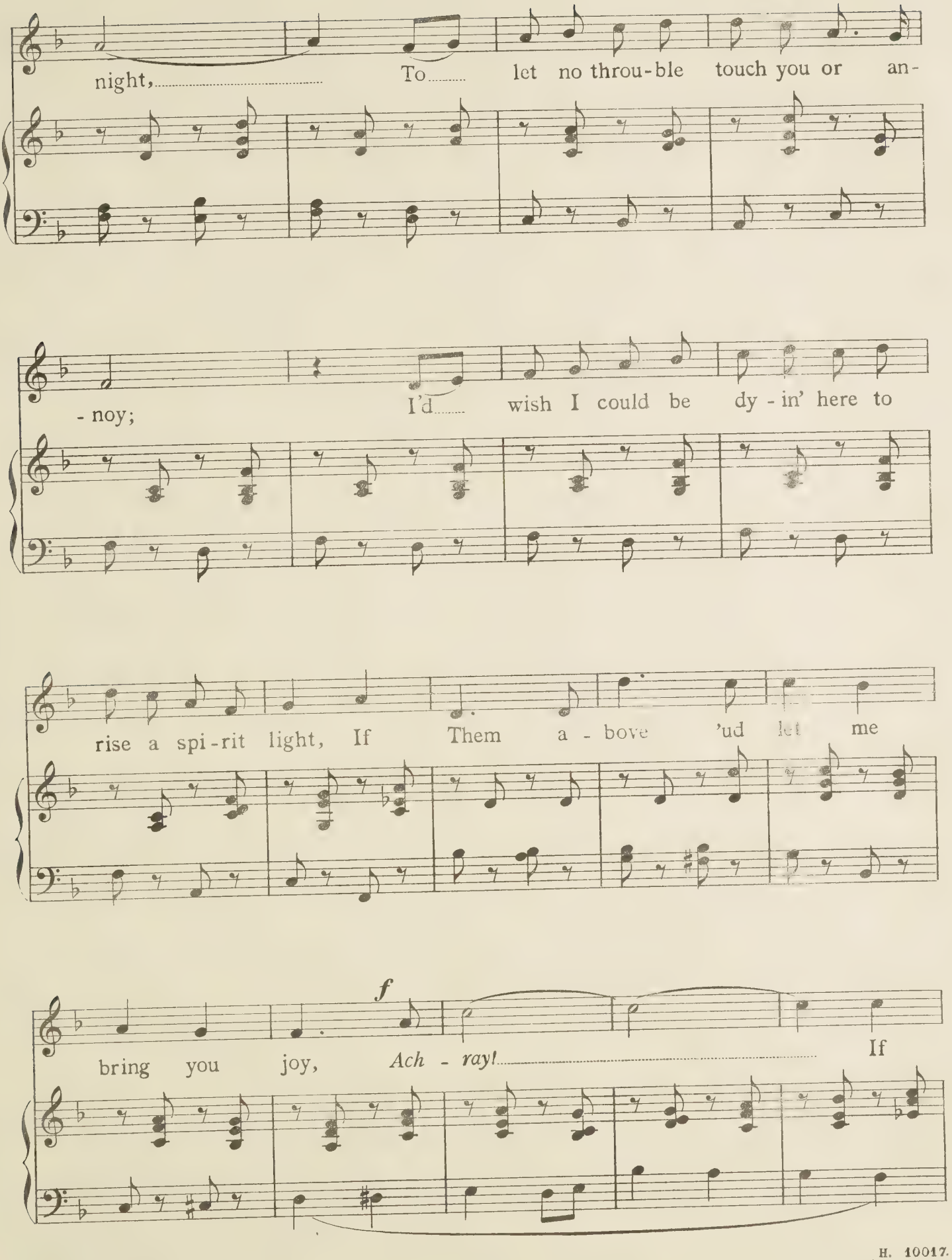

f
you'd may-be wear it on your breast, Ach-
poco rall.
- ray! You'd may-be take an'
colla parte.
wear it on your breast. I'd wish I could be
liv - in' near, to love you day an'



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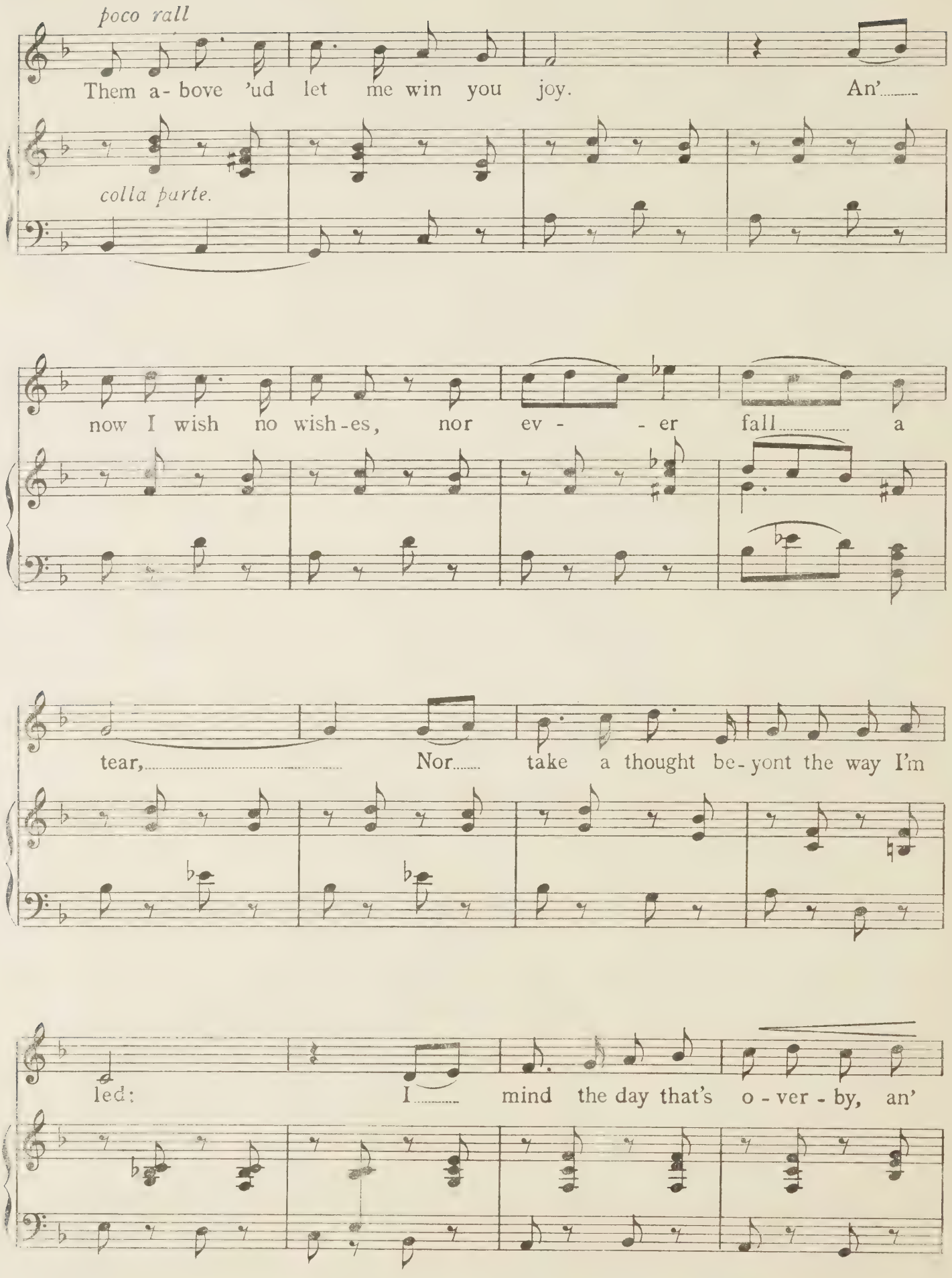

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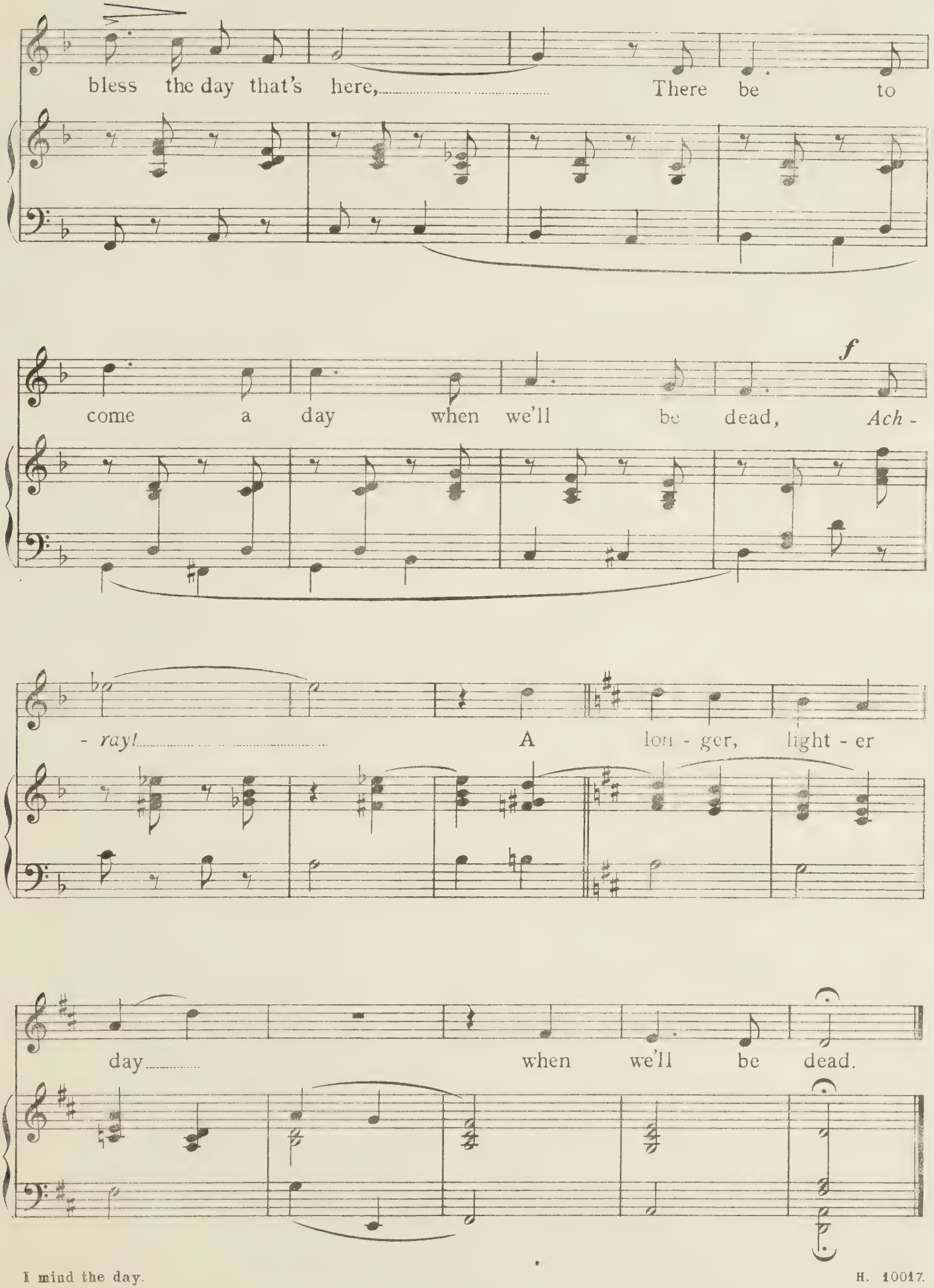
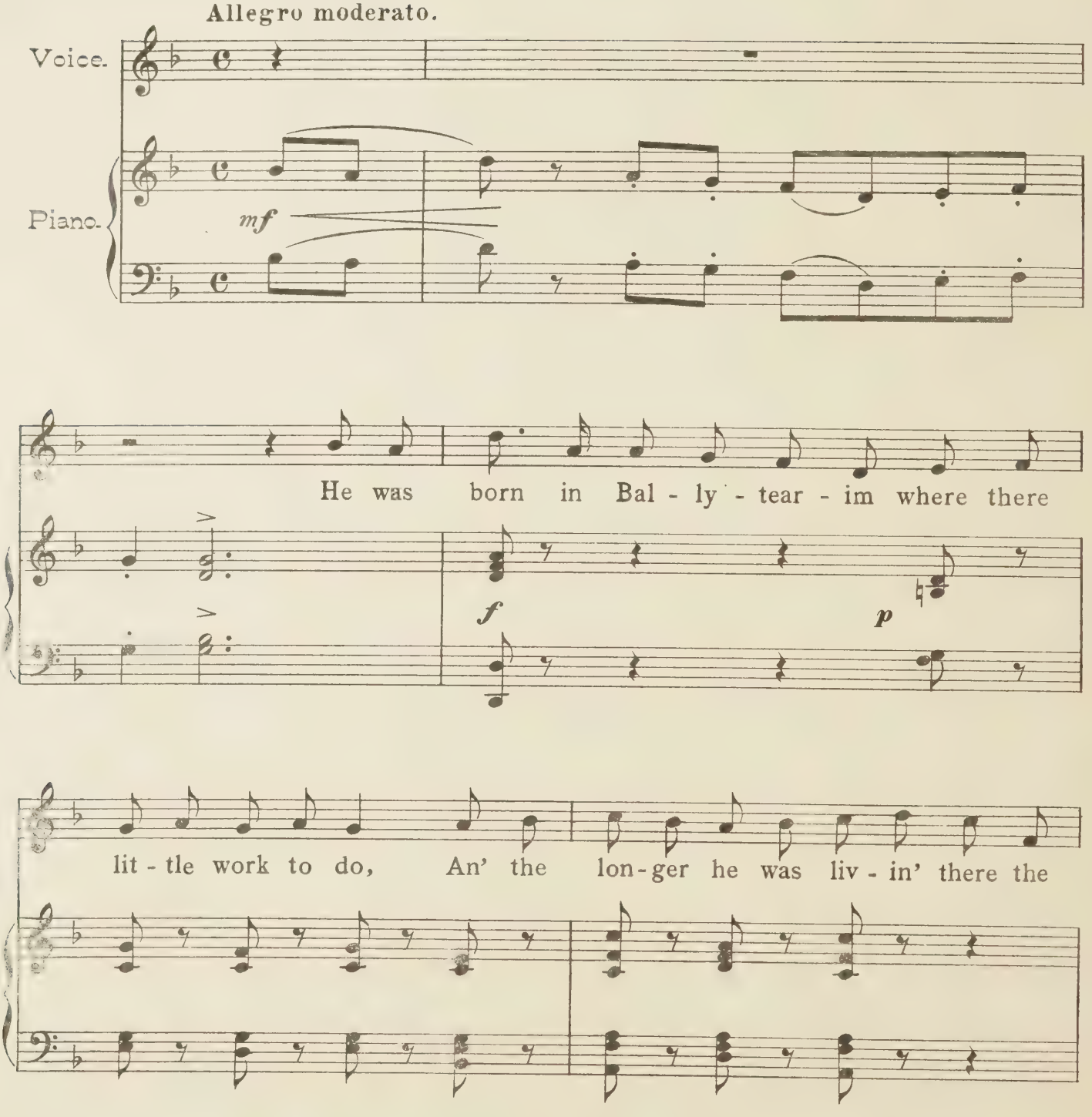

bless the day that's here, There be to
come a day when we'll be dead, Ach -
f
- ray! A lon - ger, light - er
day when we'll be dead.

The Boy from Ballytearim.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.



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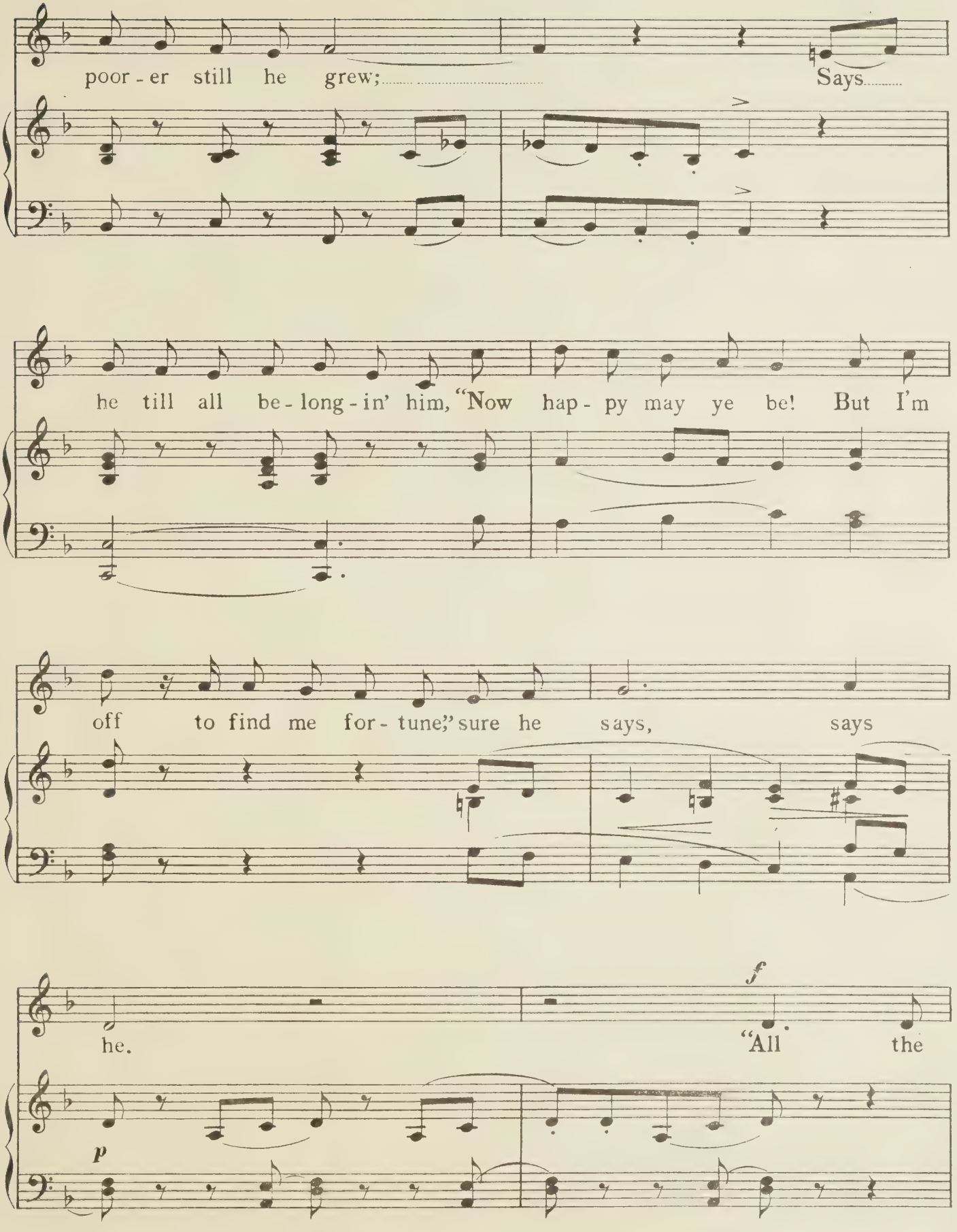
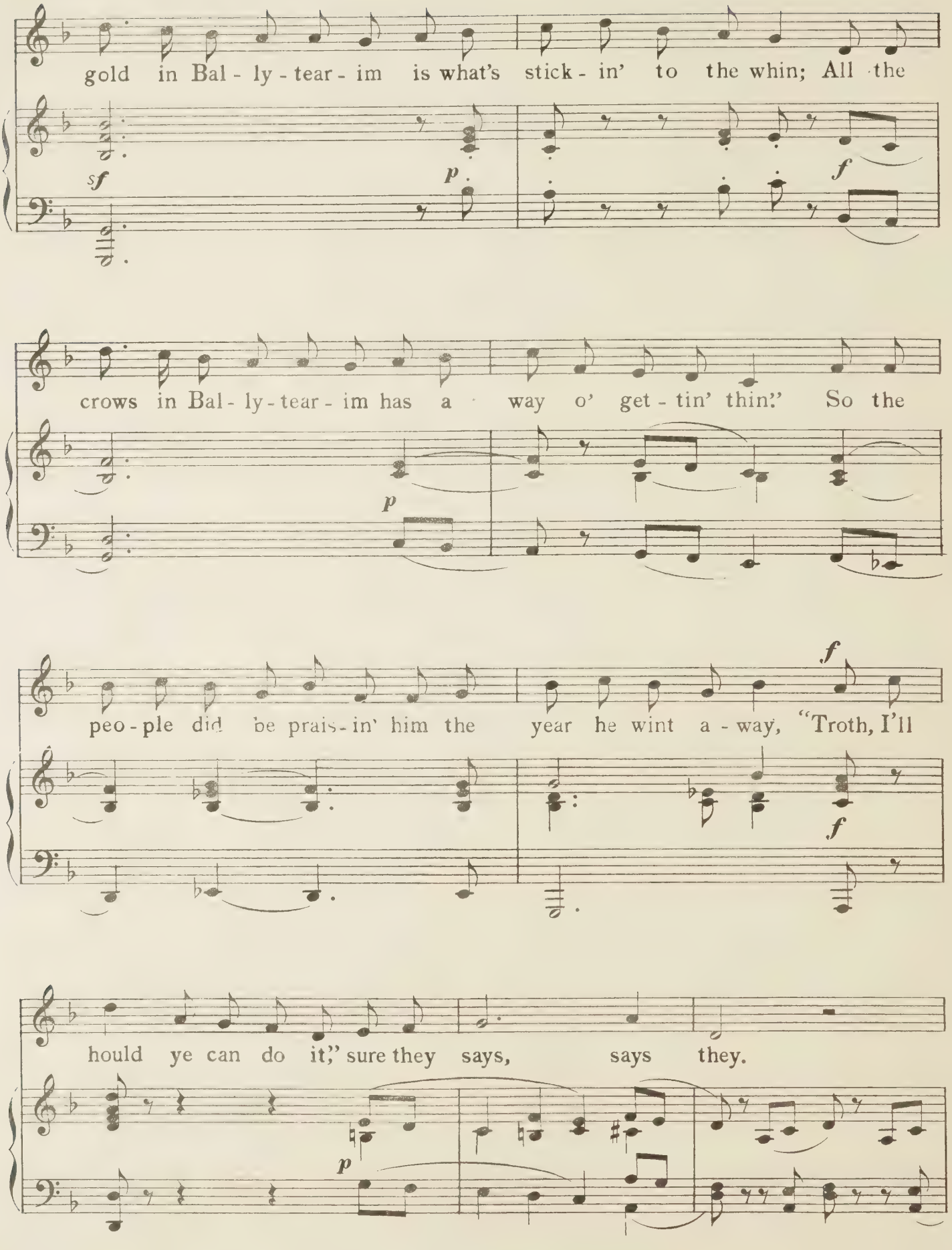
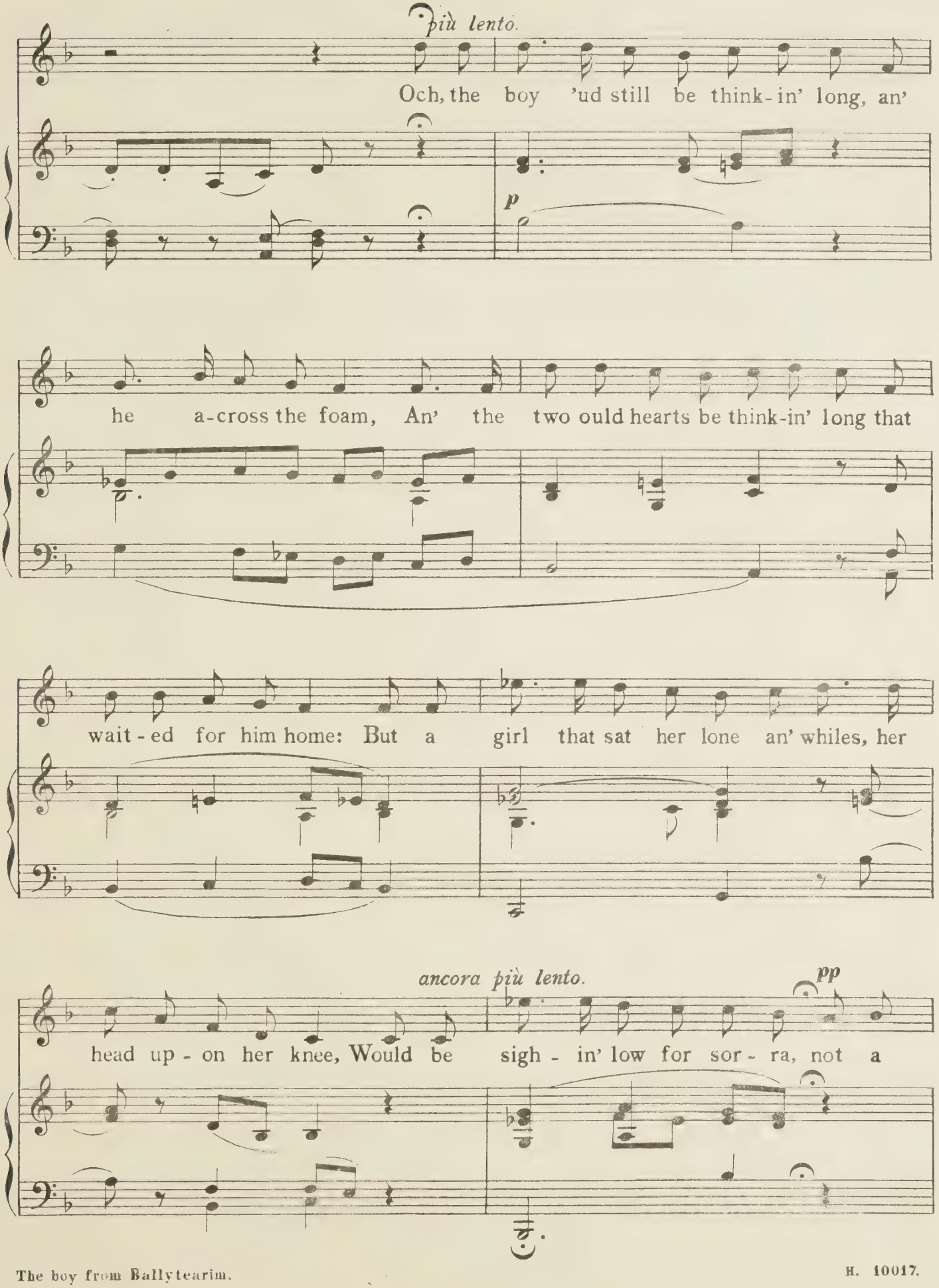
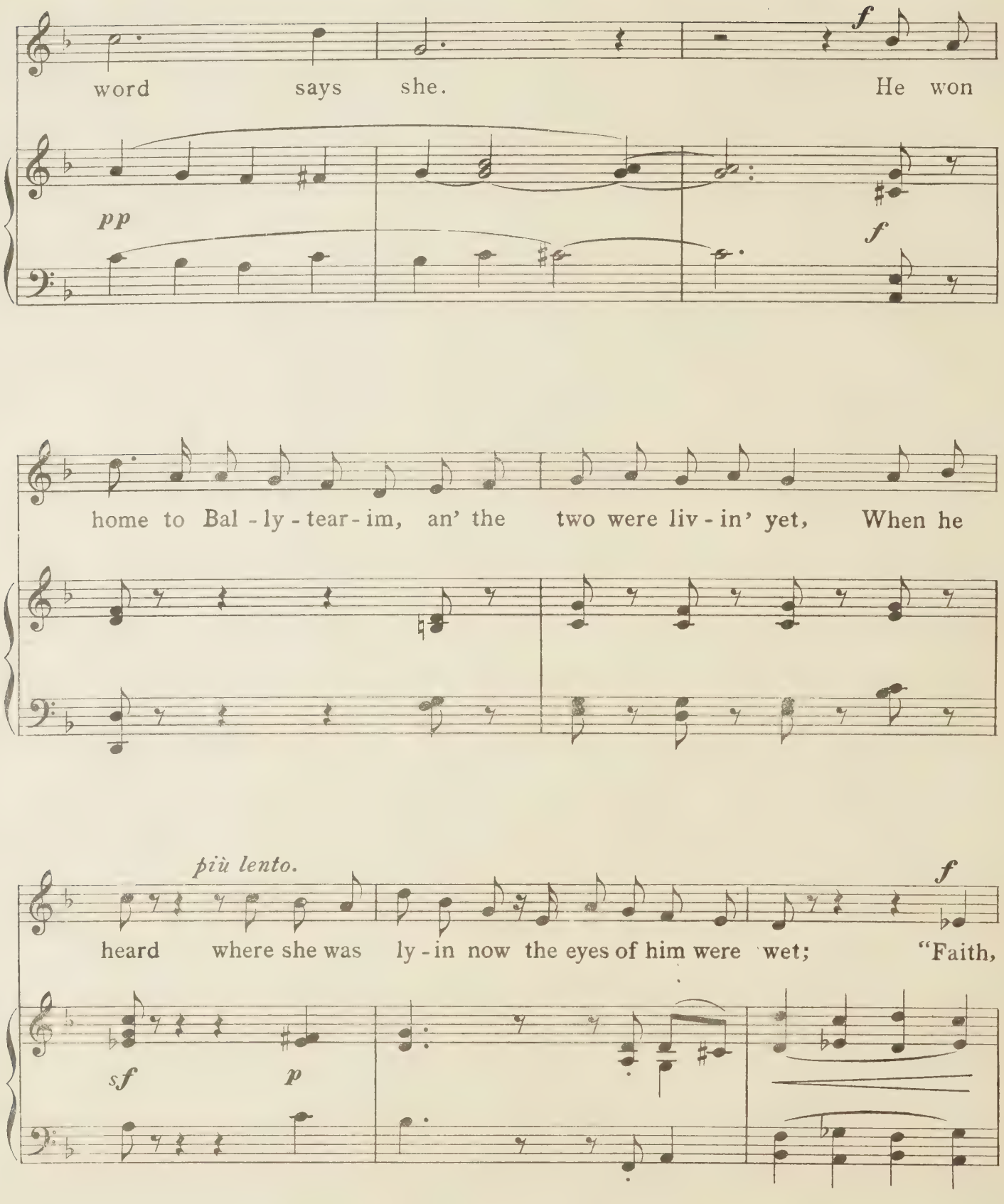
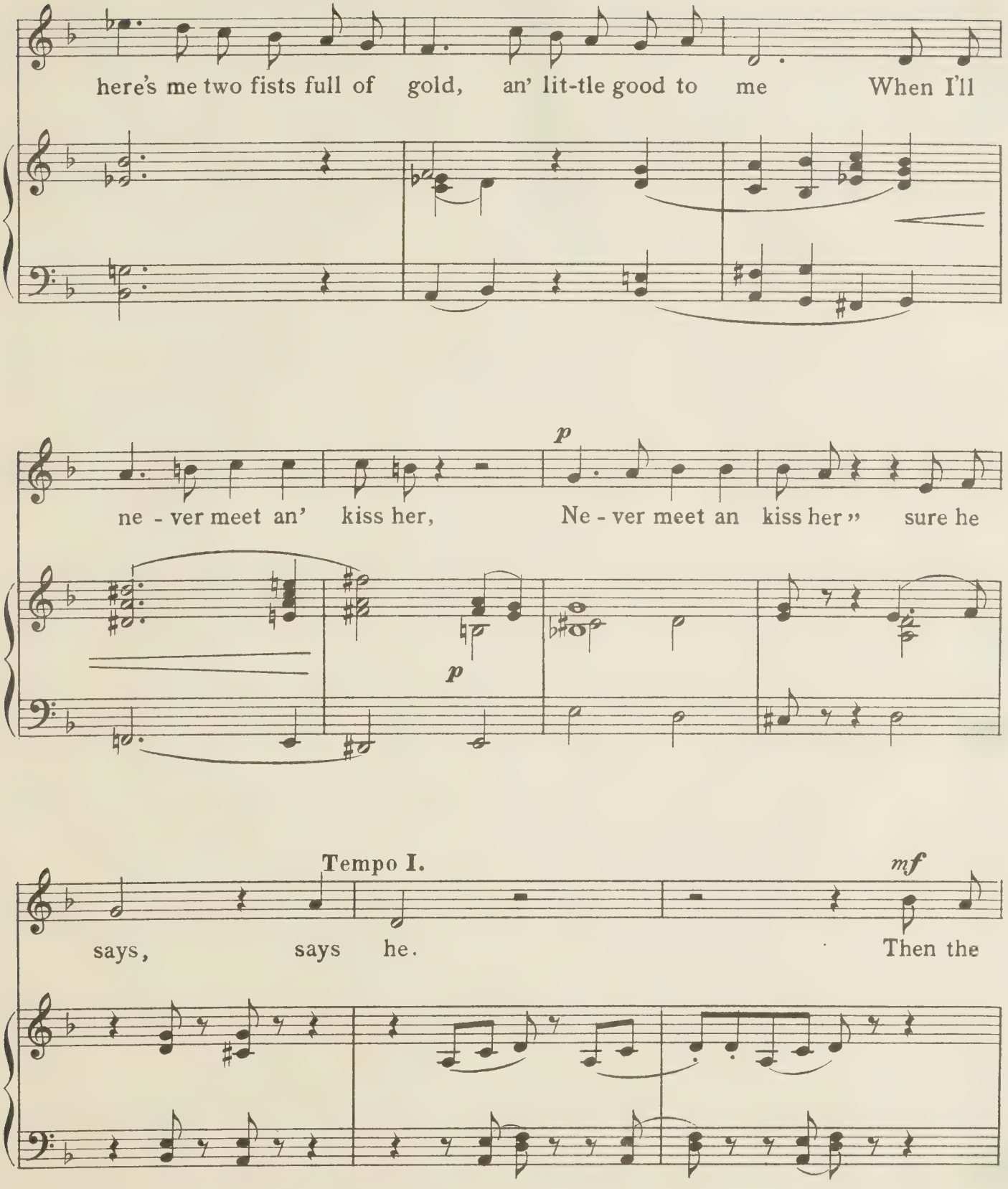

poor - er still he grew; Says
he till all be - long - in' him, "Now hap - py may ye be! But I'm
off to find me for - tune," sure he says, says
he.
f
"All the
p

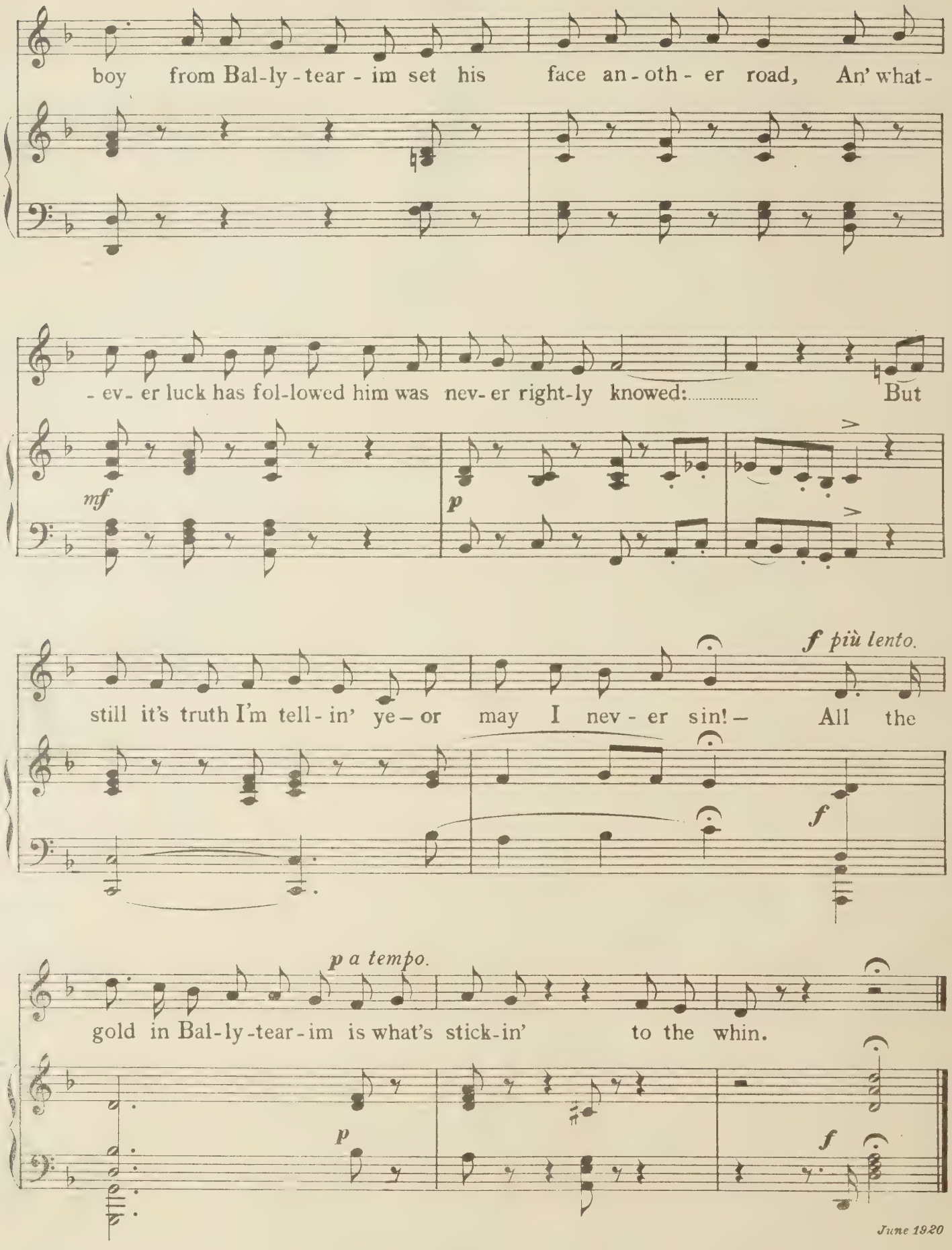

gold in Bal - ly - tear - im is what's stick - in' to the whin; All the
crows in Bal - ly - tear - im has a way o' get - tin' thin." So the
peo - ple did be prais - in' him the year he wint a - way, "Troth, I'll
hould ye can do it," sure they says, says they.


più lento.
Och, the boy 'ud still be think-in' long, an'
p
he a-cross the foam, An' the two ould hearts be think-in' long that
wait-ed for him home: But a girl that sat her lone an' whiles, her
ancora più lento.
pp
head up-on her knee, Would be sigh-in' low for sor-ra, not a

Tempo I.


word says she. He won
pp
f
f
home to Bal - ly - tear - im, an' the two were liv - in' yet, When he
più lento.
f
heard where she was ly - in now the eyes of him were wet; "Faith,
sf
p


here's me two fists full of gold, an' lit-tle good to me When I'll
p
ne - ver meet an' kiss her, Ne - ver meet an kiss her" sure he
p
Tempo I.
mf
says, says he. Then the


boy from Bal-ly-tear-im set his face an-oth-er road, An' what-
-ev-er luck has fol-lowed him was nev-er right-ly knowed: But
mf
p
f più lento.
still it's truth I'm tell-in' ye—or may I nev-er sin!— All the
f
p a tempo.
gold in Bal-ly-tear-im is what's stick-in' to the whin.
p
f

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